No. BJ1661.B6
vol. 2

# MINOR MORALS.

## PART II.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://www.archive.org/details/minormoralsforyo02bowr

George Cruikshank fec.t

# MINOR MORALS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED IN TALES AND TRAVELS.

BY

JOHN BOWRING.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

PART II.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO.
AVE-MARIA LANE.

MDCCCXXXV.

BJ1661
B6
vol.2

192.258

LONDON:
Printed by C. and W. Reynell,
Little Pulteney street.

DEDICATED TO

MY WIFE AND CHILDREN,

BY

THEIRS AFFECTIONATELY,

J. B.

Westminster,
June, 1835.

# CONTENTS.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| I. | The Storm | Page | 1 to 13 |
| II. | Uses of Animals to Man | | 14 — 28 |
| III. | Excellence and Excelling | | 29 — 44 |
| IV. | Slavery | | 45 — 59 |
| V. | Swallows | | 60 — 74 |
| VI. | Love of Home | | 75 — 90 |
| VII. | Commerce | | 91 — 111 |
| VIII. | Fishes, and Friendly Counsels | | 112 — 122 |
| IX. | War | | 123 — 134 |
| X. | Sense and Sensitiveness | | 135 — 155 |
| XI. | Mushroom-Hunting | | 156 — 180 |
| XII. | Selfishness | | 181 — 194 |
| XIII. | Affection for Inanimate Objects | | 195 — 206 |
| XIV. | Prudence | | 207 — 224 |
| XV. | Flowers | | 225 — 238 |
| XVI. | Filial Affection | | 239 — 254 |
| XVII. | Songs of the People | | 255 — 264 |

# LIST OF PLATES.


THE STORM . . . . . *To face Title.*

GEORGE MATTHEWES IN PRISON . . . Page 21

THE AFRICAN KING . . . . . 55

TOM TRAFFIC . . . . . 105

ABDALLAH, THE LAST OF THE MOORISH CHIEFTAINS IN SPAIN . . . . . 202

# PREFACE.

I AM aware that in the present volume there are many parts which may not, at first sight, appear suited to the capacities of children. But my own observation leads me to think that children are more apt to learn than parents and instructors generally suppose; and that their powers of mind are much strengthened by being exercised with topics which are sometimes deemed too exalted or abstruse

for their undeveloped faculties. It is, no doubt, difficult to draw an exact line, at the point beyond which it is unwise in the instructor to pursue a subject; but some experiments must be made, and the intellects of children tried and strengthened by excursions into regions remote from their habitual walks. It is only thus that the standard of mind can be raised, or the path prepared for investigations into more distant and more elevated studies. Yet I have not ventured far; nor have I made my Morals, as I hope, unintelligible to Minors.

# THE STORM.

MANY were the happy days which the Howard family enjoyed—always busy in improving and in serving one another. Kindness became the habit of their daily existence; and it was a kindness without show or parade—the natural flow of minds that were training themselves and one another to enjoyment, and gathering instruction, and practising virtue, as the best means of enjoyment.

No doubt there were now and then exhibitions of petulance and ill-humour; but these were transitory. They were the gloomy moments which were succeeded by sunshine, and they were not without their use, for children

are quick in observation, and their young minds are easily taught to reason on the consequences of conduct. Edith was once overheard to say, "How very foolish I was to be so angry—how very foolish!"—and Arthur, after an occasion on which he had struck his brother with violence, not feeling courage enough to appear in the presence of the gentle Edith, had hid himself in the hay-loft, where he sobbed and wept as if his heart were breaking, and was found in tears by one of the servants who came to look after the horses, and to whom he confided his sorrow and his penitence. "Go, Master Arthur, George is very forgiving;" and Arthur went, his eyes red with crying, and held out his trembling hand to George, who shook it warmly; and Edith smiled. It was not necessary for either to utter a word.

One stormy evening the Howard family

were gathered round the fire, and, as the wind blew louder and louder, Edith said, "I fancy, Mamma, that I love you better when the tempest is so noisy, because I think of the home that shelters me, and of those who make that home so dear."

"No doubt, my child," said Mrs Howard, "for we should soon forget how much we have to be grateful for, were we not sometimes compelled to think how severe the privation would be. It is pain that teaches us the value of health; hunger and thirst enable us to estimate the importance of food and drink; the biting cold shows us the blessings of raiment; the storm makes the sunshine doubly welcome; and now that the rain is driving hard against the windows, and the loud blasts shake our habitation, we begin to feel most sensibly what a privilege it is not to be exposed to the vio-

lence of the weather. Do you remember the hurricane we witnessed on the sea shore?"

"How should I forget it, Mamma? You recollect we were walking on the beach, and the thunder-clouds gathered and grew blacker and blacker, and the wind became fiercer and fiercer, and the waves rolled higher and higher, and foamed as if they were in a passion, and flung the stones and shingles on the shore, and we had great difficulty in getting home, and were drenched and almost drowned; for the heavens seemed as full of water as the ocean itself, and poured it out with the same vehemence. Was it not a terrible day, Mamma?"

"And was that all, Edith?"

"O no! Mamma; for the dreadful thing was to see the ships and the boats tossed about upon the waves, and to fancy we could

hear the voices of the poor sailors; and even that, Mamma, was not the worst—oh, nothing like it: for, don't you recollect how we went to the fisherman's hut, and saw the poor widow wringing her hands, and some of the children crying; and you, Mamma, cried too, and I could not help it; and even now, when I think of it——"

Poor Edith could not proceed; she burst into tears.

She wiped them from her cheeks, and George ran and kissed her; Arthur did the same—for they felt additional love for their sister whenever her benevolent affections were displayed. "But I do wish," said Arthur, "that Mamma would tell us the story of the poor fisherman."

"I do not know much of his life, my boy; and perhaps his life, if I knew it all, would give but little to tell. I dare say he was bred

from his boyhood to the sea—a fisherman—as were his fathers. In the times of war, no doubt, he, like most of his fellows, was compelled to serve the state, and may have traversed the ocean for thousands and thousands of leagues, accompanied by sad thoughts of home, of wife and family. Such thoughts, no doubt, he had; for when he was dead every body told us how much he was loved—loved by his wife—loved by his children. I dare say the small hut in which they dwelt was dearer to him than any spot in the world; and, if he visited great ports and splendid cities, that he often wished he could exchange the sight for one glance of the little cove in which he was born, and where he had left his family."

"No doubt he did," said Mr Howard; "and Mamma will forgive me for interrupting her to tell you that I have heard of an instance in

which a sailor, after a long voyage, became stone-blind from overstraining the nerve called the optic nerve, by which the eyes communicate with the brain, in an attempt to discover a point of land which was particularly interesting to him; and I knew of a case where the delight of revisiting a beloved abode brought with it a mental excitement so vehement as to end in death. Joy itself should be moderated by reflection; but go on, Mamma, there was no such joy to precede the poor fisherman's death."

"Edith has told you of the violence of the tempest. It was known that many vessels had been wrecked, for planks, and broken masts, and merchandise, were driven on the shore. The tempest had continued furiously through the night, and the night was one of thick darkness. The fisherman's wife felt some anxiety, but not much alarm. Her husband

was a practised mariner, and many such storms had he mastered, and come home in safety. Misgivings came and went. The fisher-boat had gone to sea the day before. Again and again had the fisherman returned in high spirits, when ships had been driven ashore, and corpses found on the coast; and he said that his 'Frisky,' for so he had named his boat, would ride in security through any gale; and he laughed at the fears which he heard sometimes expressed, vowing that Frisky had learned to dance in any waves or waters whether high or low.

"In truth, he had subdued his wife's apprehension, and imparted to her a portion of his own courage.

"At break of day, the morning after the storm, three of his children, two girls and a boy, went forth as they were wont, to gather from the beach such fragments as the billows

had washed upon the coast. There was at some distance from their hut a rock called 'THE PERILOUS POINT,' which jutted far into the sea, and which could only be passed round at low water. To proceed beyond it was so dangerous that it was generally the termination of the walk. The tide was ebbing fast, though the billows were still agitated by the violence of the tempest. One of the children said, 'Let us go home.' 'No,' said another, 'let us wait to go round THE PERILOUS POINT, we shall soon be able; the tide is lowering—perhaps we shall find something.' 'Yes, perhaps we shall find something,' the others answered. They waited: they did find something—it was their father's body.

"The waves had left it high upon the sand: the children recognised it instantly. 'Father! father!' they shouted to one ano-

ther; and shouted to the lifeless corpse that was at their feet. They kissed it; they lifted its hands; they wiped away the sand from the face and the bosom; they cried; they ran about wildly; they threw themselves on the beach. They forgot that the tide was turning, until one of them shrieked out, 'We cannot pass the rock.' An instinct of self-preservation, stronger than any other instinct, compelled them. They had to wade nearly up to their breasts, and every now and then a wave washed over them: they held by one another, and by the rock, as they turned THE PERILOUS POINT. They passed it in safety, and ran, screaming dolefully as they ran, 'Father! father!'

"Ere they reached the house their mother heard them. The truth rushed into her mind: 'Where! where!' she said; and she said

nothing more. The children ran before her to the rock; but the tide had long before covered it—there was no passing.

"The poor widow tore her hair—looked at her children; and, while the waves were dashing around, she sat down silent as the rock, and gloomy as death. There she waited till the waters fell; and as they fell, many and many a vain attempt did she make to pass round the point. She was beaten back again and again; but at last forced her way, while the children believed she would be carried off by the waves. No corpse was there, nor sign that any corpse had been. Her children once heard her shriek, 'No! no!' but could not join her. When the tide had ebbed much lower, they got round the rock, and found her lying senseless near the spot where they had seen their dead father lie. With difficulty they aroused her, and forced her over THE

PERILOUS POINT; a widow she, and orphans they —walked to their desolate hut. People say she has never smiled since then; but that she will not believe her husband is dead. She has never once talked of him to her children, because she knows their testimony would interfere with her delusion. 'He will come some day,' she often is heard to whisper."

"Would it not be charity," said George, "to persuade her of the truth; and that she is deceiving herself with idle dreams?"

"I know not why," said Mr Howard: "those dreams are hope and happiness to her, perhaps; and they do no harm to any one else. Do you remember Horace's story of the maniac, who reproached the medical attendant that visited him for having cured him of the fancy that he heard divinely harmonious sounds, and brought him back in consequence to all the discords of the world? I

once met, in a lunatic asylum, a lady whose illusion consisted in the belief that she was perpetually in the presence of the wise and good of all ages, hearing their words of wisdom, and herself the object of their peculiar affection. She was so happy as to be enviable. And when you meet with calamity, my children, do not exaggerate it, nor magnify it, either to yourselves or to others. Your own calamities, especially, never attempt to make greater than they are. If others form too low an estimate of *their* calamities, do not persuade them they are worse than they think them to be."

# USES OF ANIMALS TO MAN.

Among the favourite books of the Howard family library was 'Bewick's Birds and Quadrupeds.' Again and again had the leaves been turned over, and occasion was often found by Mr and Mrs Howard to relate some anecdote in illustration of the characters of the different animals, which are so prettily and so truly depicted by the Newcastle wood-engraver. "To observe," was one of the constant lessons which was taught in the Howard family—"To inquire," the children were told, was not always decorous—however curious we might be, as our curiosity could not on all occasions

be satisfied—respect for others, and regard for the variety of men's situations and stations, made it often incumbent on us to restrain inquiry, when it might seem intrusive or impertinent. But, *to observe* was always right and proper; and observation was constantly encouraged—as was the communication of what had been observed.

Natural history was one of the most frequent, and (to the children) most agreeable topics of conversation. Imagine, then, the Howard family gathered together as usual, after the tea had been removed from the table, and Mr Howard, having called Edith to him and placed her between his knees, thus addressing them:

"We talked some time ago, children, of the services which animals might render to man—services voluntary and involuntary. And I remember a circumstance so remark-

able and so interesting, that it will do well for our evening tale.

" Perhaps you have heard of General Rafael Riego; he was well known during the war of independence in the Peninsula, and still better after he and Quiroga had headed an insurrection of the Spanish troops in the Isla de Leon, and set up against the despotism of Ferdinand the Seventh a popular representative government. I was then a traveller in Spain, and saw the constitutional monuments erected in many of the towns and cities amidst the acclamations of the people. In France, you know, they planted trees, which they called trees of liberty, while in Spain they erected stones, which were denominated *lapidas de la constitucion.* At that time Riego was absolutely the idol of the nation: he was a man of gentle manners, kind affections, and made to be loved. But

in those political vicissitudes through which men almost always are doomed to pass when struggling for political change, Riego perished — perished on the scaffold. One of his aidecamps was an Irishman, named George Matthewes.

"It happened that many Englishmen were engaged in these contests, which ended in the subjugation of freedom and the re-establishment of despotic power; and many of these Englishmen occupied the prisons of Spain. I was called upon to inquire into the fate of one of them, who was believed to be immured in the dungeons of the Spanish capital. I employed a banker of some influence to ascertain whether any Englishman, who corresponded to the description I gave of the party, was really confined in any of the jails of Madrid. He could not be found, notwithstanding the

most anxious and persevering search of my friend. But, while he was engaged in his investigations, a dirty memorandum was put into his hand by a soldier who was guarding one of the condemned cells in which a human being had been long kept in solitary confinement—excluded from all communication, except such verbal conversation as, in opposition to the orders of his superior, might be charitably entered on by the soldier stationed at the door of the cell. No writing materials—no pen, ink, or paper—no means of intercourse with any person beyond the four walls of the dungeon, were ever allowed to the unhappy prisoner. The name of the prisoner was unknown to his guard; all he knew was that he had been captured with Riego, and confined in the cell adjacent to that from whence Riego had been led out to execution; but the soldier had

mentioned to the prisoner that inquiries had been made about an Englishman of the name of Harper, and the answer had been, that no such person was within the prison-walls. The prisoner intreated the soldier to convey the scrap of paper that he gave him to the gentleman who had been making the inquiries—he consented to do so—the banker received it and sent it to me.

"It was signed 'George Matthewes.' It was scarcely legible; but it stated that the writer had been long in solitary confinement —without accusation—without judgment—yet in apprehension of sentence of death; and that he was an Englishman.

"Mr Canning was then Prime Minister. I wrote to him immediately, and a despatch was sent off without delay to Madrid, directing the British Minister to claim the person who, without the forms of legal proceeding,

had been thus arbitrarily detained. The intervention was successful, and the prisoner was released.

"He accompanied the returning messenger to England; he brought with him the funeral mementos of Riego—the pocket handkerchief with which he wiped his last mortal but manly tears—and gave it to his widow. Poor thing! she was then drooping—like a lily on its stem—fair and pure; and the weight of grief soon overwhelmed a broken heart, and loosened the silver cord of an existence attenuated by long disease. I remember her—a saint-like beauty—disassociated, as it were, from earth.

"Matthewes brought with him one other treasure—it was a white dove. While excluded from all knowledge of what was passing in the world—hopeless of ever communicating his forlorn condition to any living soul

George Cruikshank fecit

—that dove had flown into his cell. He plucked a feather from its wing, and, with his teeth and nails, shaped it into a pen. He made ink of the filth he gathered in the corners of his miserable abode; he tore out the lining of his hat, on which he wrote the account that led to his deliverance—*that* was the memorandum I received. What became of the dove I know not; but George Matthewes died some years afterwards a prisoner in Portugal.

"I was one day talking with Mademoiselle Duvaucel, niece of the celebrated naturalist, Cuvier, on the tractableness of animals, and she said they had then a curious example of the influence of one bird upon another, though of wholly different species. A vulture and a raven were neighbours in the Jardin des Plantes. The raven was, by common consent, allowed to be the most amiable

animal within the garden-walls, and was, in consequence, a universal favourite. He had learnt all sorts of tricks—such as catching bread in the air, dancing and fluttering when visited by any of his acquaintances, and generally giving evidence of a superior intelligence. He was often over-supplied with food, from the contributions of his friends, and never failed, when he had eaten a sufficiency, to bury the rest for future use, and never forgot the place of its concealment. Whether the vulture had perceived or not that his neighbour raven's reputation was greater than his own, and the spirit of emulation grew within him, in consequence of his observations and reflections, could not be positively ascertained; but, certain it is, the vulture took to imitating the raven, and soon made considerable progress in his fascinating arts. He abandoned animal food, and

adopted bread nourishment. He was greatly perplexed, however, by his curved and crooked bill. The raven easily picked off the dust from the bread, or plucked the bread out of the dust, with his sharp and piercing instrument, and had got into the habit of poking it about till he found a clean place for it. The vulture's difficulties were at first insurmountable—nature had denied him the tools which the raven had to work with. He succeeded, however, at last; and, after much twisting and writhing, and inexhaustible patience, was able to regale himself comfortably with his newly-adopted food.

"Among the galley slaves whom I saw depart for Toulon, on the 21st April 1834, was one, all whose attention was absorbed by a little creature that ran up and down his arms, hid itself in his breast, played about his neck, and seemed busied in diverting the cri-

minal from the dark and dreary thoughts which must have been rushing through his mind. I saw him fully occupied with his play-thing, and far more concerned in protecting it from mischief than with any other care. An intruder into his cell, he had managed first to capture and then to tame it; and, having no other receptacle for what remained in him of kindness and benevolence (and I never knew kindness and benevolence wholly eradicated in the most ferocious criminal), he had poured out upon the sleek skinned mouse all that he had of love. I saw him full of apprehension lest the poor little animal should be injured or crushed in the crowd. As the convicts were led forth, one after another, and seated in the long line from which they are to rise, with the heavy iron collar rivetted around their throat, and chained together, in companies of twenty, I

watched his eye, and fancied I could follow his thoughts. He seemed wholly careless of what was passing around him; he took no notice of the spectators; and even when the hammer smote the rivet upon the anvil, he was watching the courses of the little creature, and was, perhaps, contrasting their mutual destinies. 'A prisoner, too,' I fancied he said—'a fettered prisoner; but still with one being at least to watch over and protect thee. While there are hands to aid, and a heart to feel for thee, ever present and ever thoughtful, no hand will be stretched out, no heart will beat, in charity for *thy* keeper. When the wind blows and the rain falls thou hast a shelter in my bosom; its warmth will be for thee in the cold and wintry season; but where shall I retreat?' And then he smiled upon the pretty little animal, stroked

its back gently, and hid it again in his beating breast."

"Do you know what became of him?" asked Edith.

"No, my dear; he was probably forgotten. When I visited the Bagnes I was told that it was not allowed to the officers to mention the names of the prisoners. The punishment was intended to remove them from the world, and to break up all their connections with their old acquaintances."

"But would it do so, Papa? Could they be made to forget everybody, and everybody to forget them?"

"The attempt did not always succeed, Edith; for I found that love, and kindred, and other claims, brought many people to the vicinity of the Bagnes, who tried, and sometimes were successful, in establishing

communications with the prisoners. I heard of an instance where a lady of rank had lived for many months in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of obtaining the release of a criminal to whom she was attached, and she succeeded, by large and repeated bribes. So strong are the human affections, and so ill-advisedly are they sometimes directed! But we must take care not to err by severe judgments. There is often much virtue among criminals—virtue which, if it had found time and place for its proper exercise, would have made them illustrious public benefactors. Those who have never known the pressure of want are often apt to condemn too harshly. If they changed places with the unfortunate, it might be found that the scale of merit would be wholly changed. The rich are too apt to be severe on the errors of the poor.

Could they but fancy themselves smitten with poverty they would be more charitable, and, being more charitable, would be more just to others."

# LOVE OF EXCELLENCE AND LOVE OF EXCELLING.

"PAPA," said George, one day to Mr Howard, "when we are endeavouring at school to get the highest places in our class, I sometimes observe that the boys who cannot get on are made uncomfortable by the success of those who can, so that the good fortune of some cannot be obtained without giving pain to others. Ought this to be?"

"When I was a boy," said Mr Howard, "I went to a school in which there was written in letters more than a foot long, '*Let emulation prevail.*' I was much perplexed by it; for it often happened that the boys

who made the greatest progress annoyed and tormented others, so that this very emulation was often the cause of much vexation; and this led me to consider that there was a great difference between the love of excellence and the love of excelling."

"Oh," said Arthur, "indeed there is, because I have seen boys who got to the head of their class, and whom we loved better than any boys in the school."

"And I am sure that may well be," said little Edith, "because some of the cleverest and wisest people I ever knew were the gentlest and the kindest. Don't you remember, Mamma, when we were on the sea coast, how pleasant it was to listen to Mr Harcourt, who was a great philosopher, and who knew all about the causes of the rising and falling of the tides, and the different shapes of the moon, and the reason of the summer's heat

and the winter's cold, and eclipses, and who told us of all the changes the earth had undergone, and of the rocks that were oldest, and those of later date, and of the animals that lived before the deluge, and of the strange world they must have had to exist in, and who taught us the causes of light and darkness, and how men breathe the air that is given out by plants, and plants breathe the air that is given out by men, and a great many other wonderful things, and yet he never made us feel uncomfortable? We loved him for his wisdom, and we never feared him, and his visits were always most welcome."

"Oh," said Arthur, "that is like our mathematical friend who talks to us about angles and triangles, and Euclid, and wrangling at Cambridge, and helps us in our Algebra difficulties, and in all our sums and cyphers,

and yet never says a single word to prove that he knows more about these matters than any body else, and yet we know he does, but feel quite as happy in his company as if he knew no more than any of us."

"And happier, too," said Edith, "because we can learn so much from his knowledge, which his good nature makes so very delightful."

"Then, my dear children," said Mr Howard, "you will see what is good and what is evil in that word, emulation, and the difference there is between love of excellence and the love of excelling. The love of excellence gives no pain to others; the love of excelling may give pain, and when it does, it is unamiable. I will tell you a story which will show you the difference.

"In the county of Devonshire there is an extensive desert, which is called a forest, be-

cause in remote times there is no doubt it was covered with woods. It is now surrounded by granite rocks; among which many of those beautiful rivers have their source, whose crystal brightness and wandering course through a rich variety of rocky and verdant scenery, have often excited the attention and led to the descriptions of travellers. On the verge of Dartmoor, by the borders of the Dart, a river, rapid as its name,—there was a cottage almost hidden in the rich variety of verdure which the mild and humid climate of Devon produces in great abundance. Myrtles were there, which dared every season, and were equally green in the wintery as in the vernal months, and in the summer season the blossoms of the pomegranate hung in clusters of vermilion, as bright as ever was seen in tropical islands. The cottage was inhabited by a widow who

had two daughters, whose names were Jane and Emily Macdonald. They had been born in India, where their father had been engaged for some years in the service of the East India Company, with happy prospects before him of future prosperity. He had intended to send his children to Europe for education; for, as I dare say you know, the climate is dangerous to children of European origin, and often anticipated the delight with which he should watch their progress, and welcome them when their education had been completed; but death, that so often interferes with man's projects, interfered with Mr Macdonald's: and he was suddenly carried off by one of those reckless and rapid diseases which make life so shadowy and uncertain in those remote regions. When he died, all his brilliant visions with respect to his children faded away from the mind of their mother,

and she returned to England a sad and solitary widow, with slender means, determined to seek some spot of solitude where she might devote herself to the education of her daughters. She consulted her friends, and found there was no spot where she could live more economically than in the neighbourhood I have described. She had a strong love for the charms of nature, and hill and mountain, forest and river scenery brought to her mind the thoughts which she loved to indulge. She could fancy there was a friendly voice in the echoes of the hills, and that the music of the wood-birds and of the waters was meant to soothe her sorrows. When she went with her daughters into the fields and gathered wild flowers, it seemed to her as if they were all made to console and to comfort her. 'If I had not been here,' she said, 'nobody would have noticed

them.' And it was a pleasant thought that she reckoned for something in a part of the world which, without her, might have been neglected and abandoned.

"Jane was only one year older than her sister Emily. Jane had a great desire to instruct herself, but she cared not how much she sacrificed others. Whenever she knew anything, she was not only desirous of exhibiting her knowledge, but she always wished to contrast it with the ignorance of her companions. It was not enough for her to put forth on every occasion all she had read and heard, but she seemed desirous of talking on subjects where she could show her superiority. So, for instance, she was frequently blazoning forth that she had been in India—had seen the Ganges—had ridden upon elephants—had had fifty black servants—so that nobody was allowed to talk with her of great

rivers, of great animals, and great attendants; and, if she had only mentioned this by way of information, instead of as a display of pride, her conversation would have been interesting and instructive; but she had a passionate desire to appear to excel, and, in order to do so, she never thought how much she humiliated or distressed others. I do not believe she really meant to give them pain, but she was careless about the consequences of what she said and did.

"Emily's character and conduct was very different. The ambition to obtain the good opinion of others was not wanting to her. She had really and truly the love of excellence. But, while she was under the influences of a desire to communicate any information which might be useful or pleasant to her companions and friends, she was especially careful so to communicate it as to con-

vey no emotions of vexation to them. She never intruded observations which could grieve those who listened to her. She was more desirous of gathering from others the information they were able to communicate than of displaying her own. When her sister spoke, people were doubtful whether she might not say annoying and disagreeable things; but when Emily opened her lips, everybody was sure that her words would be welcome, thoughtful, and well-chosen.

"I have spoken of the Macdonalds' companions, for, though they lived in a secluded place, there are few places in England so secluded as to be shut out from that intercourse which is both refreshing and consoling. There was in the neighbourhood a dissenting clergyman—a modest and benevolent man—whose visits were hailed with delight whenever and wherever he appeared.

A newly-arrived neighbour, like Mrs Macdonald, who had seen so much of the world, who had inhabited Asia, touched on Africa, and brought with her to Europe so many tales of wonder gathered in the Oriental world, was a settler whose arrival excited no little interest in the Devonian vales. To this minister she had brought letters, and he had made it his business to seek friends and acquaintances for Mrs Macdonald, who were most anxious to show the interest they felt in her well-being. It was thus a circle of social fellowship was created, and here it was that Jane and Emily displayed the peculiarities of their character.

"The good people of the neighbourhood were at first so charmed with Jane's vivacity, that they sought all sorts of excuses for that little defect which it was impossible for her to conceal, but which they overlooked at first

out of courtesy to a stranger, and because she was really an instructed and intelligent girl. But alas! her defects became more offensive, from being unchecked, and the more timid, but more considerate Emily, imperceptibly won upon the kind affections of the little social circle. Her information came in a modest and gentle guise, while Jane's voice was frequently loud, and her manner intrusive. Little by little, those who listened grew inattentive—from being inattentive, they became uneasy; and, at last, they ventured to tell Miss Jane, that she should not speak in so peremptory and patronising a manner. All that Jane lost in the kind feelings of their neighbours Emily won; for Emily, though she often felt that she might have corrected many ignorant or imperfect notions of those with whom she conversed, felt that she could not always do this without giv-

ing pain. But a thousand opportunities occurred in which she was applied to for information on matters she had studied and objects she had seen; and all that she said she said so gently and so gracefully, that no one felt the slightest embarrassment, still less vexation, from instruction coming in so unpretending and attractive a shape.

" Jane was not unobservant of what passed, and said to her sister, whom she fondly loved, ' I see, Emily, that you are listened to with pleasure, however much you talk, while they show impatience when I get possession of the conversation. Tell me, tell me, like a good sister, what this means.'

" ' Indeed, my dear Jane, I have sometimes thought that they do not sufficiently estimate all your good qualities, and do not like to acknowledge how much more you know than they. But— '

" 'But what?' retorted Jane.

" 'Why, I think,' answered Emily, 'that sometimes you are a little too much contrasted with those to whom you speak.'

" 'Oh! I know what you mean—you think I parade myself.'

" 'Not so, my love; but I fear that those who have seen so much less, and who know so much less than you, do not always understand your tone.'

" 'Most true, most true,' replied Jane, 'I often detect myself in a louder voice and a loftier manner than is becoming. I will try, I will try to mend it.'

" Many, many years have passed since this conversation between the two sisters; a change in their fortunes brought them forth from their retirement into the busy bustling world. Jane has lost all that desire for distinction which could not satisfy itself without becom-

ing a grievance to others. It was her lot, her happy lot, to be thrown into the society of those whose information was much greater than hers, and she had the good sense to see how idle it was to presume upon acquirements which were eclipsed by those of many who surrounded her. She has discovered that the exhibition of fancied excellence is somewhat different from the possession of real excellence. She is rather desirous of being one of many to bring her little tribute of knowledge to the general stock, than to appear the possessor of an exclusive fund of knowledge which she knows is not hers.

"Emily's fate has been perhaps happier. Her modesty made her a favourite—her information brought with it respect. In her the love of excellence was never linked with personal parade; and as she never sought a place higher than her deserts, but always lower,

everybody was desirous of honouring her by elevation. How many pains she saved to herself—how many pleasures she created for herself, nobody but herself can know. But sure I am that, if you, my children, strive to be excellent, not from a desire of lowering others, but of raising yourselves—if your emulation have in it no ill-will, no enmity—if, in the honourable race you run, the desire to obtain the prize is not polluted by thoughts of enmity to those who run the race with you, your winning will be honourable, and honourable will be your failure."

# SLAVERY.

AMONG the visitors who frequently called on Mr Howard's family was a gentleman who had been a great traveller both by land and sea, having visited the four quarters of the globe. He often delighted the children by the tales he told of the countries he had dwelt in, and the sights he had seen. The children called him governor, for he had been governor of one of the English settlements on the African coast; and whether it was that he had seen so much injustice done to the blacks as to lead him to suppose that, on every occasion when there was any misunderstanding with white men, the white men

were invariably wrong and the black men right, or whether he had a sort of instinctive preference for the ebony race, I know not; but his friends were accustomed to say, and to say truly, that he was sure to decide every question in favour of the negro, and that the white man lost all his fair chances when our governor was judge between them.

He was a rare exception, indeed, to white men in general; for in a great part of the world the negro is looked upon as a fair and fit object for oppression and misdoing. His life, his little property, his wife, his children, are too often considered as at the disposal of some white tyrant who has obtained possession of him.

In Mr Howard's family the fate of the poor negroes was often a subject of conversation, and the children were in the habit of inducing the governor to tell them anecdotes

of the woolly-headed natives of Africa, whom he knew better than most men, and of whom he always spoke with the feelings of a friend, and sometimes even with the affection of a brother.

One evening the favourite topic was introduced, and the governor said he would tell them a little story he had heard from the lips of a French captain, engaged in the African trade, assuring them that he believed every word to be strictly true.

"And," said the governor, "you must fancy me to be the French captain, because I can better convey to you the history if I speak in his name and person; and this is what the French captain said:—

"I was coasting near Cape Palma, when I observed on the shore some of those wooden huts which Europeans are wont hastily to construct upon the burning sand.

These cabins are fragile, and of short duration, but serve as market places for those bargains in human beings, which form the most lucrative commerce carried on in the African tropics. A large brig, painted black, was anchored close to the shore. She hoisted no flag, she did not own herself to belong to any civilized nation; her whole appearance bespoke the purposes of robbery which brought her there. In a word, she was a slave vessel, endeavouring by stealth to fill up her cargo of misery with which to depart to other markets where white men would be found to buy those unfortunate beings whom in Africa black men kidnapped, and white men encouraged them to do so.

"A young man met me when I landed.—He came out from one of the huts clothed, or rather half clothed, in that careless and slovenly manner which is very common in hot

climates, where no eye of fashionable observation watches the proprieties of dress. He approached me with a careless air, and in a lounging and somewhat scornful gait. He had much of that cunning, distrustful look which distinguishes those who are engaged in illicit transactions, and which is, as it were, the last expression of the sense of shame; 'for the cases are few,' observed the governor, 'in which men occupied in misdeeds fail to betray a sense of their disgraceful employment: and I have often seen,' added he, 'the expression of self-condemnation even where success and splendid fortunes had appeared to recompense nefarious transactions.'

"How astonished I was," said the captain, "when, after looking keenly at me for a few minutes, the negro-dealer rushed into my

arms. 'And is it possible,' he said, 'that you are come to this abominable and burning country? What curse sends you here?' I looked in his face, and I discovered that he was one of my own relations, whom his family had lost sight of for many years. He had always been of a bold and adventurous turn, and it was believed he had perished at sea. Greatly was I astonished at the meeting: he hastily told me the history of four or five years. During these he had been engaged in the slave and gold-dust trade. He had become wealthy; and I believe the joy with which he welcomed me, and the eager interest with which he devoured the news I gave him, were most sincere. He asked me the purpose of my visit, which was principally to collect elephants' teeth, gums, ostrich feathers, and

other African productions, in exchange for those commodities with which my vessel was laden.

"He laughed loudly at this, and said a man must be a fool to come to so detestable a climate for any purpose but that of making as much money as possible. The slave trade, he said, was the only good thing left, and he recommended me to change my purpose, offering his best assistance, and promising that I should return to Europe with my pockets full of gold: 'not grains of gold dust,' he said, 'such as you can pick out of your gums or your feathers, but solid ounces, and moidores, which the people of Havannah or of the Brazils will be delighted to shovel into your hat.'

"But this did not suit my notions of morality; and, though I observed that he felt great contempt for my rejection of his bril-

liant offers, I was not disposed to reject his civilities, and walked with him to the principal hut.

"On our way thither he began to tell me of all the squabbles he had had with the neighbouring chieftains, and of the difficulties he sometimes found to collect a sufficient quantity of slaves. 'But I will let you into a secret,' he said. 'I have lately made a masterstroke—a capital speculation; I have just married the daughter of Long Tom, the mightiest of all these rascally African coast-kings.'

"'Married!' said I, 'why you are married already! and have left your wife, who now believes herself to be a widow, ignorant, as she and everybody is, of your existence!'

"'So much the better, then there will be no harm done; I only wish you had been here a week ago to have been present at the nuptials; you would have seen a pretty set of

ceremonies when I was spliced to my black-faced spouse, Long Tom's eldest daughter and heiress, who is, between us, as worthy as her father is knavish. But, never fear, I shall get slaves the cheaper, and make my fortune the sooner. Ah!' said he, laughing, 'could you but have seen the grand Alafou, with his charms, and have heard the howls and the shouts of all the black devils that were present!'

"You may believe that I was shocked at this heartless language; but it would have been useless to have expressed what I thought and felt.

"'And what do you mean to do with your African wife,' inquired I, 'when you leave the country? Has she shown any affection for you? Will you abandon her?'

"'A pretty question, truly! I will not

abandon her; I shall take her with me, and —sell her.'

"An exclamation of astonishment fell from me.

"'You have a tender-skinned conscience, indeed; dont you think Long Tom's eldest daughter, the black and the beautiful princess, will fetch a good round sum in the Martinique market? Besides, my royal father has presented me with a superb dowry, and I shall load my next vessel somewhat more economically than the last. Come, I'll introduce you to his majesty.'

"He took me to another of the huts, in a corner of which, in a state of drunken stupor, lay an old negro, grotesquely clad. A cocked hat with a long green feather had fallen off his head, and he was grasping it with his right hand. He wore an old scarlet uniform,

George Cruikshank Fec.

the cast-off dress of an English serjeant. Around his waist was a faded golden belt, and his legs were covered with pantaloons of dirty chintz. Upon a barrel near him was an overturned bottle of rum, a portion of which had been spilt, and on the other side was a scooped half gourd, in which was a quantity of wetted manioc flour, which had been brought in for that meal which had been interrupted by the ardent spirits the old man had been swallowing.

"The old man was in a state too insensible to notice us, so we withdrew together; my companion, hardened by his habits, and breaking out into roars of laughter at what he called his majesty's weaknesses, and I, musing upon the scene of vice, misery, and folly, which I had been witnessing.

"'Since his majesty is not in a condition

to receive us,' said he, 'let us go to the princess Rarara.'

"He conducted me to her; and I confess I was surprised at seeing a young and graceful negress, prettily ornamented according to the custom of the country, who looked upon him with smiles of kindness, and through whose black cheeks I could perceive a blush as he introduced me to her. He had learned the language of the country, and having explained to her that I was of his own race and blood, she appeared eager to show me all those kindnesses which were at her command. She prepared a simple repast of fruit and vegetables, and urged me repeatedly to partake more and more of it. In the midst of this, how was I shocked to hear my companion exclaim—'And don't you think I shall obtain a good price for my ebony log?'

"The next day we returned to visit the king. He looked dull and exhausted with the debauch of the previous day. His son-in-law talked to him somewhat sternly, and seemed to have obtained great authority over him. His wife trembled when he spoke. 'Poor woman!' said I, 'thine is a cruel destiny!'

"I left that part of the coast a few days afterwards.

"The following year I was at Martinique. One Sunday evening I went to the slave-dance at St Pierre. You have heard of the strange torch-light exhibitions in which the poor creatures deliver themselves up to a delirium, which is a frightful contrast to the wretchedness of their daily existence. While I was looking on, I heard a terrible shriek—who should be there but Rarara. She rushed

forward—she threw herself at my feet, which she wetted with her tears.

"'Can it be you, and here?' said I.

"'I—wife then—slave now;' and her tears flowed forth afresh.

"I made inquiry as to what had happened. My relation was living at Martinique with his first wife, whose slave Rarara had become.

"I sought the poor African woman, to learn from her own lips some particulars of her condition. She said, with great simplicity, that her husband's first wife had the first claim, and that she hoped, if the white wife died, that she should be the second.

"I confess I was imprudent enough to smile at the poor woman's credulity, and to tell her that she was indulging a vain and foolish hope. I was deeply interested in her, and

offered to intercede for her redemption, intending to restore her to her native land. She shook her head when I proposed it, but did not utter a word.

"The following Sunday I again went to see the torch-light dances. It appeared to me as if Rarara were absolutely wild with excitement; but whenever it was her turn to come near me she rushed away, as if she had seen not a friend but an enemy.

"The next day she was found dead—she had poisoned herself in her despair."

# SWALLOWS.

It was an evening of May, mild and beautiful, the trees clothed in fresh green, the flowers dancing to the gentle winds, the air mild and balmy, and the family of the Howards were enjoying the delightful season in the fields.

"What a pretty bird is the swallow," said Edith: "how busy—how swift—how irregular its course!"

"The proverb which connects its coming with the summer season is of great antiquity," said Mr Howard, "and has passed into all the languages of Europe. 'One swallow does

not make a summer,' implying that *many* swallows do infallibly denote the arrival of that bright season."

"Has it a song?" inquired Arthur.

"Oh, yes," said Mr Howard, "and Sir Humphrey Davy declares that he prefers its music to that of the nightingale."

"It is a most useful bird, too," said Mr Howard; "for it clears the atmosphere of thousands of small winged insects, which might otherwise cause great annoyance. An observer calculates that when a female swallow is seeking food for her young, she returns to the nest more than a hundred times a day, and has generally caught from thirty to forty insects in every journey, which she collects at the bottom of her throat, so that a thousand swallows will, in the course of ten days, have destroyed between three and four millions of living creatures."

"Are swallows much spoken of by ancient writers, Papa?" inquired Arthur.

"Frequently; and the song is come down to us which the young people of Greece were in the habit of singing on the arrival of the swallows, when they announced, from door to door, their coming, and expected some present or recompense for the good news. In Attica the people made it a rule to doff their winter garments on the appearance of the swallow. They were accustomed to show themselves at the beginning of March, while with us April, and sometimes May, is the time of their first presence. The Latin poets speak frequently of the swallow: the house or chimney swallow Virgil calls 'garrulous,' from its being a noisy bird. Pliny says that they never show preferences in feeding their young, but take each in turn; and are particularly cautious in giving

lessons of cleanliness, by teaching their progeny to keep their nests free from impurities.

"The swallow that builds its nest in chimneys is careful to place it out of the reach of animals of prey, and generally descends four or five feet for that purpose. Those who have had occasion to watch the training of the young to mount the orifice, have been struck with the care and anxiety with which the first attempts are made; and the task is so laborious and important, that the little bird allows itself a day's rest, either at the top of the chimney or in its immediate neighbourhood, as if nature were exhausted by its first toilsome effort; there it is watched by its parents, which show anxiety for its early flight: the brood is conducted to the branch of some not distant tree, or to the roof of some adjacent dwell-

ing, where they are fed in their accustomed order for three or four days.

"They are encouraged to further exertions. They are led by their parents to attempt a bolder flight—to try the strength of their wings; and as they fly they are fed. The mother gathers up their food; they follow her, not to join in the chase, but to share the spoil. She sings; she calls each by turns; the order of procedure which began at their birth is still recognised. To her song a chirrup of joy responds; they are supplied, but are still on the wing; there is no tarrying — no stoppage of their earnest, joyful activity.

"They are soon started in the aerial world; they shape their own course—rapid—irregular as that of their forefathers; and their parents return to their nests, to watch over another generation.

"Divers tribes of swallows mingle, and mingle without hostility. They are in this wiser than the races of men; may we not say better? They associate and combine for common defence; they drive from among them the intruders of other habits; and though their quarrels are sometimes vivacious, they are never bloody;—the shame of blood-spilling belongs to man!

"At Blois, in 1830 and 1831, a swallow built its nest on the top of a weather-cock. It turned round and round as the wind changed; but the work of the labourer, and the cares of the mother were never disturbed. There was noise, there was rocking; but what were they to the swallows? People said their songs were louder, and their triumphs bolder. Who should reach them in that seat of restlessness? There they fixed their nest, and there they hatched their

young; and from thence they launched them into the free heavens.

"If a sparrow, or other intruder, get into a flock of swallows, the tocsin is sounded, and the zeal with which all the confederates rush upon the stranger is curious and amusing. They pluck his feathers—they drive their bills into his body—they smite, and fly beyond all power of retaliation—in a word, they almost always succeed in repelling the enemy.

"The sparrow sometimes annoys the swallow by taking possession of its nest. The sparrow is a lazy bird, and a quarrelsome one; and is on all occasions willing to possess itself of the labours of others, in order to save its own exertions. It thus frequently seeks to usurp the property of the swallow—hides itself in the nest it has occupied, and presents its sharp beak against the true proprietor. What does the swallow? It is the

weaker of the two, and it cannot dislodge the intruder by violence; its wisdom comes to the aid of its physical inferiority—it blockades the sparrow—it makes a mud wall; and compels the enemy to surrender by famine—it calls others to its help; and the fortifications are the work of sympathy. At Mezières, in France, a case occurred in which the sparrow was completely immured and suffocated. These practices of the swallow have not only been remarked by Europeans—they have been recorded by American observers.*

"What becomes of the swallow tribes in the winter season is still a mystery. Whether they wing their way to distant lands, or become dormant in stagnant waters, or both, is as yet undecided. Great authorities (Linné and Cuvier) are in favour of the latter opinion.

* *Temps*, 3 Avril, p. 25, 539.

A few certainly remain in our climates—perhaps too weak to undertake the long and weary travels of the great family. These abandoned ones come forth when March or April have a few hot days to invigorate them. It is in consequence of their coming —alone and neglected—that the proverb has had its currency—which I will give you in Italian, for the sake of a lesson,—

'Una rodine non fa primavera.'

"If people would watch the habits of animals, they would learn much. Don't you suppose that even swallows are interested in one another's happiness? Indeed they are. I will give you an example.

"A gentleman well known in the scientific world (Dupont de Nemours) mentions, in a paper read before the French Institute, that,

as he was one day passing in the streets of Paris, he saw a swallow, which, in some way or other, had its leg entangled in a string hanging from the water-spout of the college of the Quatre Nations. The poor bird was nearly exhausted with fatigue; it cried, it struggled, it rose as far as it could, and was again and again dragged down by the fetter which bound it.

"Soon, however, its companions became acquainted with its misfortune. They gathered about their captive fellow by tens of thousands; they came from all sides; they even darkened the sky; they repeated one to another their cries of distress and pity. They were bewildered with their anxiety, and seemed, says the narrator, to hold a tumultuous council as to what was to be attempted —what was to be done."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Edith; "but what *could* the poor creatures do?"

"You know," said Mr Howard, "the fable of the 'Mouse and the Lion.' Repeated efforts of very little creatures sometimes produce a very extraordinary result. And the swallows did find the means of liberating the prisoner."

"But pray tell us how—pray tell us," said Edith, hastily,—who was extremely charmed by the story, and who thought to herself that, if she had been a swallow, no useful suggestion would have occurred to her.

"You would not have been wanting, Edith, in good-will, I perceive, though you might not have been of much use as a ready counsellor; but a counsellor was found, and the counsel was adopted, and all joined in the execution.

"A swallow proposed—or, if it did not propose, it set the example, of striking the string on their rapid flight. The first swallow was soon followed by others; every one of which rushed against the string as it passed, and at the same point: they came thicker and thicker—faster and faster; and thus, for half an hour, the string was worn gradually away at the place which they all struck; and liberty was at last given to the prisoner.

"In the Peninsula, the swallow is considered a sacred bird—as the stork in some other countries. You know that in many parts of England there is a superstitious affection for the redbreast. I remember I was taught almost as soon I could speak to say,—

'The robin and the jenny-wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.'

There is in Spain an old legend which says, that, when Jesus was crucified, swallows came and loosened the crown of thorns around his forehead. The superstitions that teach humanity and kindness are the least pernicious of all; and in ignorant nations have often a most useful influence. I should not wonder if some of them had been invented by benevolent persons, who were unable to discover any means of instruction so efficacious.

"M. Roulin, from whose charming papers I have found so much to say about swallows,* mentions, that, while he was travelling on the borders of the Oronoco, he desired one of the Indians to shoot an urubu (a species of crow) that was attacking a lizard which he wished to possess. The Indian had been engaged by him for the purpose of shooting

* *Temps*, 28th Aug. 1834.

wild animals, but he positively refused to obey. 'If I were to kill that bird,' he said, 'the poison of my arrow would lose all its virtue;' and M. Roulin adds, that he found all the Indians influenced by a similar superstition. In those sultry climates, the animal matter which this bird removes would, if left untouched, soon infect the air with noisome insects. Perhaps gratitude for the services of the urubu was the first cause of its finding that protection which it now obtains.

"I will tell you one more instance of a swallow's thoughtfulness. It is mentioned by Kalm. 'In the habitation of a lady who is a friend of my own, two swallows had constructed their nest; the eggs were duly laid, and as duly did the mother attend to them. We were daily expecting the young brood. One day, however, we saw the male swallow violently agitated—flying in great con-

fusion and embarrassment about the place—making a great noise, and appearing much distressed. It excited our curiosity. The servants of the house mounted a ladder, and found the female swallow dead upon the eggs. They removed her, and we watched the conduct of the male. He took possession; but, finding himself ill at ease, or engaged in an affair he did not well understand, he soon flew away, but returned in the evening with a female companion—who took charge of the nest—who hatched the young; and showed them all the attention they could have received from their natural mother.'—But it is time to get home, my children."

So the Howards again returned to their happy dwelling, pleased and instructed, with much to think about and much to enjoy in the recollection of the evening's walk.

# LOVE OF HOME.

"Is it true," said Arthur to his father, "that the word *Home*, or one with a similar meaning, is not to be found in any language but English? For that is what I have heard said, Papa!"

"No! my boy," answered Mr Howard, "both the word and the thing are to be found in many other languages, and several of them have even a name for that passionate longing for home which sometimes accompanies the absent, and which may be translated *home-ache*."

"Do you think the love of home is equally strong among all nations?"

"Certainly not; nor is it to be wished that

it should be so. I have known many people made unhappy by it; and sometimes the prejudice in favour of a particular spot, and the wish to return to it, have even destroyed the desires of the powers of usefulness. In my travels in Denmark, I fell in with an Icelander, who was exceedingly uncomfortable because, as he told me, he had not heard the winds roar, nor seen the ocean rage, as he was accustomed to do at home: he longed to look upon Mount Hecla, and the bubbling of the hot springs of mud."

"Perhaps," said Edith, "they were as dear to him as the Alpine mountains to the Swiss peasant—or the green plains to the Frieslander, or the vast forest to the American savage."

"True," replied Mr Howard, "and the subject brings one or two little circumstances, which you shall hear, to my memory.

"There is a rich and lovely mountain, situated

close to the town of Aÿ, which is distinguished for the exquisite champagne wine it produces. It was once an arid and useless surface, bringing forth nothing but a few coarse weeds, such as a chalky rock, and a scant and sandy surface would allow to grow. But in progress of time this hill was found singularly adapted to the cultivation of the most luscious grapes, and it has obtained a value equalled perhaps by no other landed property in Europe. The whole bosom of the mountain has been turned to the production of the vine, and it now bears the character of one vast garden, divided and subdivided into numerous plots of ground, many of which are scarcely larger than a large drawing-room; and these again are subdivided among the children as the parents die,—the French law requiring that all property shall be equally partitioned without any reference to sex, or to earlier or later birth.

"I have visited this elevated district, and was much struck with its charming appearance. It overlooks the village of Aÿ, and the river Marne runs slowly and sluggishly through the valley below, close by the town of Epernay, whose vaults in which the champagne wine is treasured, have obtained a great reputation; as indeed they well deserve, for some of them will hold more than a million of bottles, and, with their sections and intersections, are above a mile in length." Mr Howard described the care and caution with which the champagne wine is brought to its marketable shape; and the children were pleased to hear a fact very honourable to the work-people employed,—that though this attractive and intoxicating beverage was constantly accessible to them in any quantity, an instance of drunkenness had scarcely ever occurred. It is not therefore the presence of intoxicating beverages which necessarily

leads to excess, but other causes which may be found perhaps in the habits of the people.

The vineyards on the mountain side are, as was mentioned, of extraordinary value, particularly those which lie between the summit and the valley—that is to say, the line which is to be traced along the middle of the hill, where the sun shines with all its brightness; and where neither the winds which blow over the higher, nor the humidity of the lower regions, interfere with the rich products of the vintage season. Four or five hundred pounds sterling per acre is not an uncommon price to pay for this privileged tract of land. It is wholly in the hands of small proprietors: scarcely one possessing even to the amount of an acre; and most not a half, a quarter, or even a tenth of an acre. It is almost intirely cultivated by the hands of its owners; and the attachment shown to the soil—the

eagerness with which each one seeks to extend his little possessions — the unwillingness of children to consent to any arrangement but the subdivision, however small, of the land of their fathers, are among the striking circumstances which excited Mr Howard's attention. To the desire of adding something more to their landed property almost all the distress of the district may be traced. No sooner has the peasant amassed a small sum of money, by a favourable vintage, than he immediately sets about buying new vineyards. He is frequently embarrassed for want of capital; but rather than get rid of any inch of land he has acquired, he borrows money at enormous interest, which he has the greatest difficulty in repaying, and hence is frequently embarrassed, not only by the claims of the lender, but by the want of capital to carry on the necessary labours of his little possessions. This want of capital,

however, is no check to imprudent adventures, though upon the whole the vine-growing peasants of Champagne must be considered as a happy race.

During the reign of the Emperor Napoleon, the conscription played sad havoc with the peaceful peasantry of Champagne. Torn away from their native vineyards to carry on wars in which they had no concern, sad were the scenes of their separation, and many were the curses they flung at those who dragged them from their homes. But soon the general feeling mastered their local attachments, and the *Champenois* became as enthusiastic in favour of Buonaparte as any of their fellows. After the wars, the oppression and the cruelty of the conscription were forgotten, and the old soldiers returned to their homes, to talk of laurels, and glories, and victories of 'the little corporal,' as they called the Emperor, and all

the other dreams of the military mania in France. "It was to us," said Mr Howard, "no little satisfaction to find the turbulent tumult of warfare settled into the peaceful pursuits of vineyard cultivation; and nothing gratified me more than to be called on to notice an ancient captain, who had followed Buonaparte in all his vicissitudes, who had helped to win his battles, and who had shared his defeats, now occupied with laborious industry in the cultivation of a small spot of vineyard land, which he had inherited from his father. He had been a peasant, and had gone forth 'conquering and to conquer;' he had been crowned with decorations and honours, but still he yearned for the 'paternal acre;' to that he returned, and *that* he now cultivates with his own hand,—a labourer in his old age, as he was in his boyhood, and deeming himself supremely happy to be harboured, after so

many troublous voyages, in the port from which he set out.

"I found in one of the districts I have been speaking of, said Mr Howard, "a singular example of the love of home, which no ambition—no love of distinction—no attraction of other countries, or even of their own could destroy in the minds of the *Champenois*. Of seven conscripts who had accompanied Buonaparte in his wars, only one had perished, and six had returned to their native cottages. One of the six was blind, and the other five were engaged in cultivating with their own hands the vineyards from which they had been separated for so many years.

"I walked with one of the *vignerons* along that part of the hill, or *coteau* as they call it, which produces the most valuable grapes. He possessed only a few feet square, but was in extacies with his possessions. He bid me

observe that there was not a weed to be seen —not a vine which was not as much cared for as if the owner had but one vine in the world —that there were no white grapes in the whole plot, 'as you know,' said he, 'the best white wine is always made from the black grape.' He talked of his neighbours, who consented to deteriorate their wine by a manure, which he owned greatly increased the quantity, but damaged the quality, and blamed them severely for sacrificing their reputation to gain. He talked of *his* champagne, as if all the world knew its excellence, and of his little vine garden, which I could have crossed with a hop-skip-and-a-jump, as if it were of importance and interest to the whole race of man. He pointed out to me a spot bigger than his own, belonging to a wealthy neighbour, and seemed to think that neighbour bound to be the most blessed of mankind.

And yet I doubt if the *vigneron* had tasted his own wine twice in his life—if he had, it was probably in the house of the merchant who purchased his grapes, it being the custom of those who are really the makers of and dealers in wine to have the juice extracted by their own winepresses."

"I remember hearing you say, Papa," said George, "that you had seen the same attachment shown by the weaver of Lyons to his loom as, you say, is shown by the Champagne peasant to his vineyard."

"Yes! I have known instances where the loom has been treated like a pet child—called by tender names—ornamented with pictures and inscriptions, and its adventures and productions made as it were the groundwork of the family history."

"And you know, Mamma," said Edith, "with what delight the old sailors whom we

saw on the coast used to talk of the ships in which they had served. Why they were as proud of them as if they themselves had built them."

"Just as the driver of the mail is of his coach and horses," added Arthur.

"It is a very harmless self-love," said Mr. Howard, "and often a most useful spur to exertion."

"Is not Champagne a beautiful country?" inquired Edith.

"There are some beautiful spots in it," said Mr Howard, "and during the vintage season all the vine districts look busy and cheerful. A great deal has been done of late years, and there are parts where the value of the lands has increased ten, twenty, and even a hundred fold in the last half century; but, generally speaking, the surface of Champagne is dry and arid. You have heard of

what are called the *artificial grasses*, such as Lucerne, Colza, Clover, and others. Their introduction has been of the greatest service to France. And it is pleasant to watch the progress of improvement with the train of blessings it brings with it. For every one person who enjoyed independence in France forty years ago, there are now a thousand. The appearance of the whole country is changed, and so is that of the people; they eat better food, they wear better garments, their habitations are more comfortable, they have escaped from the vassalage of their feudal lords; and I mention these matters to you, my children, and talk with you frequently of foreign countries, because I desire you to feel, and to show that you feel a deep interest in all mankind. Nations, like individuals, return the friendly acts of other nations, and their friendly thoughts and cares.

The patriotism which teaches hatred is wickedness and crime. The patriotism which looks with satisfaction on the happiness of all men is alone virtuous and exalted."

"But," inquired Arthur, "ought we not to love England better than France,—our *own* country better than any foreign one?"

"*That*, my boy, you cannot fail of doing—just as you love your own family better than strangers. Yet you know that your loving us is never a reason for hating others; and if you love us you will desire we should love you. We shall best love you by approving of your conduct; but we shall not approve of your conduct if your words and deeds are those of unkindness and ill will to others. The world has been made a miserable world by short-sighted and mischievous men, who have talked of foreigners as 'natural enemies.' All nations are natural friends. To

say nothing of what charity and Christianity teach, they have a deep interest in each other's prosperity. They cannot do evil to one another without bringing the evil back on themselves. The policy of war is almost always shallow and miscalculating: the certainty of a vast loss, with the remote chance of a trifling gain.

"The spirit of good is spreading, and will spread. It will proceed from individuals to families; from families to communities; from communities to provinces; from provinces to nations. I saw an instance the other day: a gentleman arrived from Burgundy to study in Champagne the method of making their renowned sparkling wine. The people of the last generation leagued together to prevent his obtaining the information; they would not forsooth communicate *their* secrets—they would not sacrifice *their* provinces! What were the

people of Burgundy to the people of Champagne? Yet there was at Chalons a wise and a good man; he not only exhibited all he knew to his Burgundy visitor, but he said 'you shall take with you a set of my best workmen to instruct you how to proceed.' My children, he did no harm to himself—far from it: he did himself much service, and he did much good to others. I honour that man, and you will honour him, and hope that his conduct will soon become that of one nation to another."

# COMMERCE.

One morning at breakfast Mr Howard said to his children, "Now, I should like you to tell me, how many nations have contributed to our breakfast table, and then you will see what a great blessing commerce has been to the world. Try if you cannot find something from all the quarters of the globe to begin with?"

"Asia!" shouted Arthur; "there is tea from China."

"Africa!" exclaimed Edith; "there are the ivory handles from Africa."

"America!" said George; "there's the mahogany of the table from America."

And for Europe they had twenty things to speak about.

"Now, see if you cannot go another round; and you, Edith, for Africa first."

"The gold with which the sugar basin is lined." "That may be, for gold in greater or less quantities is the produce of all the four quarters of the globe. But for Asia, Arthur?"

"Coffee—is it not Mocha coffee, Mamma? And then there are the table mats, which came you know, from Calcutta."

"Are the napkins of cotton, Mamma?—for that comes from America."—"No! George, but of linen, which is made of flax. Do you know where the finest flax comes from?"—"Is it not from the Netherlands?"—"Yes!" answered Mr Howard, "but you have not made your American discovery, George."

"The tea urn—is not copper an American product?"—"Yes! but it is more likely that

this copper was furnished by English mines," was his father's answer.

"Oh, Papa! I see America in the scarlet of the urn-rug—it must have been dyed with cochineal."—"Perhaps with lac-lake, boy! which is an Asiatic production, and which has nearly superseded the use of cochineal. However, you have answered well."

It is not necessary to go on with the conversation. One after another the origin and adventures of the different articles on the table were traced. One topic led to another, and Mr Howard talked to his children of the effects of commerce as a means of making people better and happier.

"Everyone who makes an exchange," said Mr Howard, "if he acts wisely, obtains something of greater value than that which he gives; and this is the case with both parties—each supplies some want or some desire of the

other. Thus the two virtues of prudence and benevolence are exercised—prudence inasmuch as an addition is made to your own enjoyment —benevolence inasmuch as an addition is made to the enjoyment of others. And the infinite variety of production with which the world is covered — the boundless differences of climate and soil, and national habits and education, give to every part of the earth some means of exchange with others, the exchange being a mutual benefit. Some lands have their riches on the surface, others buried deep below. In some, agriculture is the great source of wealth—in others, manufactures—in some, mines—in others, navigation. Out of their peculiar facilities commercial relations grow. They are infinitely happier, infinitely wealthier by their intercourse than they could possibly be by being insulated and separated. The notion of every nation being sufficient to itself

is as foolish and far more mischievous than, the notion that every individual should be sufficient to himself. It is but selfishness on a large scale calling itself by some name as false as fine—'patriotism,' for instance, or 'national independence.' The dependence of nations upon one another affords the true security for peace a nd cmmon prosperity. As a wisely calculating self-interest would add necessarily to the well-being of others, if it were only because their well-being would increase our own, so a wise and generous patriotism would see in the strength, wealth, felicity, and industry of another nation a reason of confidence, and a subject of rejoicing. It is the destiny of commerce to undo what hatred and war have done. Out of the very selfishness of man it will extract benevolence. It will make nationality itself subservient to philanthropy. I know no profession more

honourable than that of the instructed merchant—his history is the history of contributions to human pleasures. He brings nations into contact which are placed by nature far apart. He brings to the frozen north the productions of the burning tropics, and makes the whole world contribute to the daily happiness of every home. He has given to the meanest enjoyments formerly denied to the mightiest, and the portions of the world are small and few which have not been benefited by the foreign trader. Into the obscurest villages of Europe, Asia, and America commerce has penetrated, accompanied by its novelties and its attractions; and in the very heart of Africa, at the court of one of the petty princes of the country, a French traveller informed me that he himself had seen very considerable quantities of European manufacture, and had been able to clothe himself as he would have

done in London or Paris. The desire of gain, in itself a laudable and even a virtuous feeling, when controlled by prudence and kindness, is thus by commerce made subservient to the happiness of man. But this leads me to tell you the history of a little boy who became a great merchant.

"Tom Traffic was the most active lad of the small town in which he was born. When sent on an errand nobody ran so fast as he; nobody rose earlier in the morning; nobody washed and dressed more expeditiously; nobody was more regular at school, more sharp at his lessons, or more ready and active at play. Everybody liked Tom, who was brisk as a bee, and playful as a grasshopper: his whistle was well known in the streets, and his hands were always ready to do service to others.

"Tom was the only child of an aged ma-

riner—a pensioner—whose pittance just enabled himself to live in decency; and Tom was the son of his old age; for he had married at the end of a long service, and the boy was born to him when he had passed sixty years. You may believe he was proud and fond of Tom, which, indeed, he was; and having little else to do, his time was almost wholly devoted to the boy. He rocked him in his cradle, whether he lay down at morning, noon, or night; carried him about in his arms almost wherever he went. As soon as the boy ran alone the old mariner seemed to grow young again, so did he share in all the boy's sports and pleasure: he taught him to play at marbles, to trundle a hoop, to 'follow my leader:' in a word, the father was the son's playfellow, and they were a very happy pair.

"The first time Tom had ever known real sorrow was when his mother died. He was

then six years old; and her death was the last real sorrow that the old mariner knew. Tom's mother had always been an affectionate mother, and did not like her husband the less for all the care and attention he bestowed on their only son. She told him often that he would spoil the boy; but said so between jest and earnest. But the old mariner's indulgences were not of a sort to do Tom any harm. On her death-bed, however, she said to her husband, 'You will always be kind to Tom!' And to Tom she said, 'You will always be kind to your father!' She did not speak to either as if she doubted; or as if she meant to give them lessons which really they did not need; but she spoke as if foretelling that they would be kind to each other.

"The living and the dying of the poor is for the most part a short and simple history. Duties to the poor as to others come daily to

be done, and are as honourable to the poor who do them, as the more influential virtues of the opulent are honourable to the opulent. Through the years in which Tom's mother had managed her little household, she had managed it well and prudently; and when death removed her from her husband and her child, many there were to praise and none to blame her. And no one can aspire to a higher privilege among survivors than this—to be thought of with nothing but affection.

"There was some danger, indeed, that the death of his mother might have a baneful influence upon Tom, in whom all his father's cares and thoughts were now centred, and who was little disposed to check any of his son's impulses. But Tom had been gifted by nature with a happy temper; and he did not give way to unavailing grief: such grief

would not have brought back his mother, and have only distressed his father; so the tears he shed were soon dried—not that he forgot his mother; not that he failed to think of her, and to remember her kindness to him, and her affection for him; but he thought that she herself would not have wished him to be less busy, less useful, than before; so he indulged himself in the habit of talking about his mother; and, though at first the subject was painful, it became by and by the sweetest of all subjects to him and his father; and, by frequently conversing, his memory became impressed with a thousand little circumstances, that he would otherwise have forgotten, and the recollection was a delight to him through the remainder of his life.

"One day the old mariner said to Tom, 'I am unusually out of spirits. I have been thinking, my boy, of what your future

fate may be; and that it is time for *you* to be thinking about it too, for I am growing old, and fear I shall not last long; and I shall not die in peace unless I know that you have some business, and some prospects in life.'

"Now, Tom had himself often thought of this, for he was nearly twelve years old, but did not like to speak to his father lest he should give him pain, by appearing desirous of leaving one he loved so well; but as his father now mentioned the matter, Tom said, 'Father, I am glad you have spoken of this. If I knew your wishes, perhaps I might be doing something to fit myself for some honest trade.'

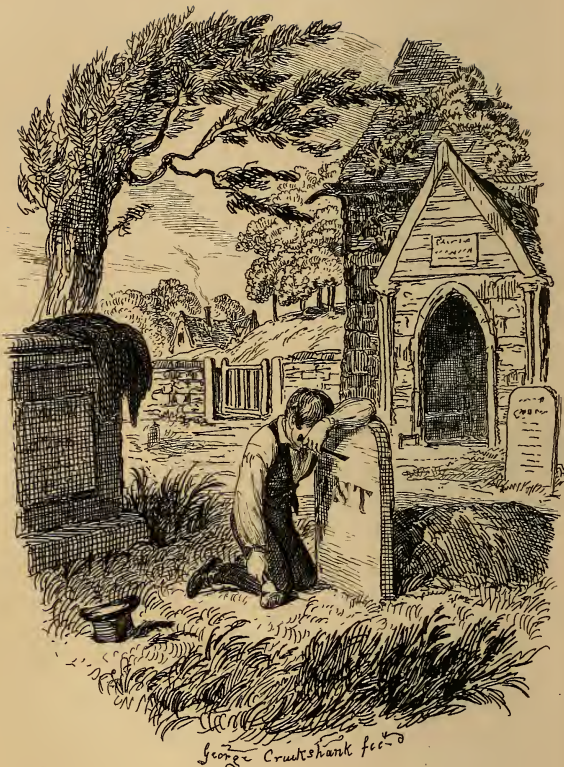
"The old man hoped Tom would have hinted at some line of life that he preferred; and Tom wished that his father should speak out. Their thoughts and wishes were in-

deed the same; but each feared to suggest what might be unacceptable to the other. 'When you were at sea,' said Tom, 'did you ever carry on any trade with the natives of foreign countries?' The inquiry showed the bent of Tom's mind; and the old mariner answered, 'Oh yes, my boy, and have turned many an honest penny in that way. Should you like to go to sea, Tom?' 'Indeed should I, if I could establish a little business with the natives of distant countries.'

"After this the subject was often talked of, and the old man told Tom how barter was conducted with people of various lands: he taught him, too, all he knew of the art of navigation; explained to him, as far as he was able, the trade winds and the ocean currents, and the equinoctial gales; he loved to recount the dangers he had seen and the risks he had run; he spoke of the different moneys used in different countries, and taught Tom

many a foreign word which he had picked up when abroad. Tom listened with great attention, and stored in his mind everything that was likely to be useful; and his father's conversation became more and more interesting as it became more and more instructive. Sometimes, indeed, the old man felt that by these conversations he was preparing Tom for his early departure; and even when Tom was most excited by an account of the way in which, when a young sailor, he had exchanged with a naked negro a string of beads for a noisy parrot, the old man suddenly stopped; he thought of dangerous climates, and the shipmates he had buried on the African coast—he stopped suddenly, and told Tom that he would end the story some other day.

"A short time after this, while Tom was reading to his father from the Bible, as he was used to do, the old man's face grew pale, and he fell


George Cruikshank fec.

back in his chair. Tom fanned his cheeks with the book he held in his hand; and after a few minutes his father was able to say faintly and feebly, 'To bed, Tom! to bed!' Tom helped him in, ran to the neighbours for help, but soon perceived by their countenances that matters were in a sad way. And so indeed they were. The old mariner became speechless; once he stretched his hand to Tom, Tom seized it and kissed it: in a few hours the mariner was dead; in a few days his body was laid in the churchyard by the side of his wife, and a small white grave-stone was raised over it, on which Tom had roughly engraved with his own hands the initials of his father's and his mother's name.

"Tom had many friends; they came and offered their services, and would have kept him among them, but Tom's thoughts were wandering through the wide world. The neigh-

bours bought the little furniture at its value, for Tom told them he had determined to seek his fortune afar off. About eight or nine pounds he received for the small possessions of his parents. He said to himself, 'I hope the people will not forget me if I should come back again; I have nothing now left me to care for. The wind may blow from the quarter it will, all ports are alike to me.' Tom paid one visit to his parents' grave; it was then he took leave of the place of his birth.

"He went to Liverpool, and lost no time in inquiring out a respectable ship-broker, to whom he told his short but simple story. It was his good luck to fall in with a kind-hearted and clever man, who said he would give him a berth on a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. Tom remembered how suddenly his father had stopped when telling him of his own African adventures; but Tom was not superstitious; the

climate, he said, he did not fear. The bargain was made; Tom felt as if his life and history were now begun; and, as the kind ship-broker had offered to assist him in investing his little capital, Tom fancied himself the luckiest, as he was then one of the proudest, of mortals.

"On the voyage Tom obtained the good opinion of the captain, and the confidence of all the crew. The adventure was successful, and when he arrived in England, he had doubled his wealth. He had got experience, too, and as the vessel was to return to Africa, Tom's observations were of great value to the ship-broker and to the owners, to whom the captain had reported the cleverness and activity of young Tom.

"Tom remained on board the vessel during three voyages. He was now nearly nineteen years old, and his fortune was accumulated to somewhat more than 160*l*. A favourite with

everybody, because willing to be a friend to everybody, there was nobody on board whose good fortune was witnessed with so much pleasure. On returning from the third voyage, the captain told Tom that the owner had been talking of him, that he desired to see him, and he believed would make to him an agreeable communication. Tom went—it was at the time when the supplies of timber were checked by the war; and the merchant, after many inquiries about Tom's success, reminded him that he had once spoken of the vast forests on the shores of the African rivers, and expressed an opinion that the negroes might be induced to fell the trees and barter them with Europeans. 'The idea has often occurred again to my mind,' said the merchant, 'and if you still think so, we will make the experiment; we will find ships and capital, and you shall have an interest in it.' In truth, it was a favourite project of

Tom's; he was delighted to see it adopted, and soon after a vessel was fitted out, of which Tom had the charge.

"He sailed for Africa, and I have often heard Tom describe the toil and trouble which it cost him to teach the Africans how best to fell and saw the trees, and bring them to the river's edge. But Tom succeeded, and the speculation succeeded. At first only a few straggling blacks came to cut down the forest trees, but, as they were liberally recompensed, they afterwards came in great numbers, and built their huts in the neighbourhood of the place where Tom fixed his own habitation, and where he dwelt for many years. The trade became a very large one, and Tom dwelt like a prince, surrounded by his subjects. He taught them many arts, and reclaimed them from many barbarous and savage habits; he administered justice among them; settled their misunder-

standings, and, though so young, was always called by them their father.

" Six years Tom lived in Africa; he had become wealthy, and the desire to revisit his native country grew stronger and stronger. He fancied too that he was beginning to feel the effects of the climate; so, having made arrangements for supplying his place, he returned to England, and visited the spot where he had seen his father and mother buried. He ordered the grave to be surrounded with iron railings, and a stone to be erected to the memory of his parents, with their names and ages at length; but he would not allow the stone to be removed on which he himself had cut the first letters of their names.

"It is the beginning of a successful career that is most difficult, not its progress. Mr Thomas Traffic is still living, a rich and honourable merchant and magistrate. He

has not forgotten, nor is he likely to forget, that he was the son of a poor old mariner. He often speaks of it not for the purposes of pride and parade, but for the encouragement of others, and the young especially, showing them that they must learn to conquer difficulty, and that those who endeavour to gain the good opinion and confidence of others seldom fail to obtain them."

# FISHES, AND FRIENDLY COUNSELS.

"Did you ever watch the graceful motion—the joyous activity—the rapid gliding of a trout or grayling in the stream? Did you ever see it showing its various tints of beauty to the sun; resting for a few moments, and then darting away like an arrow; as if it had detected you intruding upon its privacy; like a vain person delighted to have an opportunity of exhibiting a mock modesty?

"Standing by the side of one of the fish-ponds in the Tuileries, I was amused by the exhibition of various character which the gold fishes displayed among themselves: for not

only were the gravity of age and the levity of youth easily distinguishable, but it appeared to me very obvious that every fish had some peculiar qualities—whose union was called *idiosyncracy* by the Greeks—which gave it individuality. I fancied that I could trace something of those different dispositions which we call vice and virtue. In that society was there not something to be studied—something to be learned?

"Peace was there—no one of the community seemed willing to injure another. Their disputes were not settled by violence. Even in the competition for the food that was sometimes scattered on the surface—or floating in the water—or buried in the deep beneath—there was no hostility—no war. The success of one did not disturb the good humour of the rest.

"Virtue was there—for what is virtue but the exhibition and exercise of virtuous qualities?

Prudence was there employing wisely all its little means, and benevolence was there; for I observed again and again that a gold fish shared with its neighbour a common fare.

"Happiness was there—happiness, the best of all—happiness, sportive, vigorous, multiform. It could be seen in every motion, whether of fin or frame. Even the caprices of the little creatures seemed to be the result of joy. They sprang forward like a ray of light—then suddenly rested—then darted off in another direction. Sometimes they moved on as slowly through the water as moved the swan upon its surface, at other times they fled as rapidly as the swallows that dipped their wings in the ripples above.

"A distinguished poet fancied that the flowers might have their affections and passions, so he wrote a book in which he describes their 'Loves.' Do you know his name, Edith?"

"Was it not Dr Darwin?"

"Yes, and he introduced into his poem a great deal of natural philosophy and knowledge of many kinds, and set, I have no doubt, many persons thinking, on account of the oddity of his subject."

"I remember," said George, "that there is a passage in it which has been called prophetic, because it speaks of the wonderful results of steam, which were then hardly dreamed of, but have now been realised."

"Now if flowers can be fancied to have private and social feelings don't you think that fishes may, with far more justice?"

"I think so, indeed," said Arthur.

"Well, then," Mr Howard continued, "I'll tell you a sort of a fancy that passed through my mind while I was standing on the verge of the fish-ponds in the Tuileries' gardens.

"I fancied I was the personification of friendship in two gold fishes of about an

equal size, one of which was gaudily painted with scarlet, was exceedingly active and lively, while its companion was distinguished by hues far less bright, and swam through the water with staid and sober gravity.

"I watched them, and saw the scarlet fish dash among its many companions—splash about in the water with extraordinary friskiness—stop now for an instant to communicate with one or other of the other gold fishes—and then return in a hurry-skurry topsy-turvy course to its more sedate friend.

"Methought I overheard the conversation that passed between them. My imagination gave the fishes names; the one was Lætus, the other Placidus.

"'What a strange fancy, Lætus, is thine! to be everlastingly bustling about, always occupied with the concerns of others. Thou canst not pass by a neighbour without a greet-

ing, and however important the subject on which thou art engaged, off thou hurriest, whenever an excuse for interruption can be found.'

"'Why really I don't think thou, Placidus, art less interested than I am in the well-being of our neighbours, only thou hast the art of not appearing so much interested.'

"'Not quite so, dear Lætus; there are many subjects in which I take no interest at all; they don't concern me in the least, and too much curiosity may be sometimes annoying to those who are the objects of it.'

"'Don't be so vague, Placidus! I can bear a little more frankness.'

"'Well, then, yesterday our friend Venustus rose to the surface and seized a delicate bit, which he hurried away with, and hid himself behind the lotus leaf. Thou knowest Venustus is a dainty feeder, and fond of solitary

meals. Thou couldst not leave him to his habits. I know thou didst not mean to do him any mischief, but he told us afterwards he could have loved thee much better hadst thou allowed him to enjoy his privacy, and I mention this because I am sure Venustus is much too courteous and urbane to mention it himself.'

"'Indeed I never thought of it,' said Lætus, 'and much obliged am I for thy hint, which I will not forget in the future; and now, I pray thee, give me some other instances of my infirmity.'

"'Thou art in such a beautiful humour, Lætus, that I will even avail myself of it to unbosom more of my thoughts and observations. I am sure thou wilt not take them amiss.'

"'No, kind Placidus, but gratefully welcome them.'

"'Listen then! Last evening thou wert flying, as it is thy usage, through the water, not thinking, I am assured, of doing anybody any harm, and thou rushedst heedlessly against old Canus, whom thou didst so violently shake that he complained sadly this morning of an intolerable pain in the fins. I need not tell thee the poor fellow is nearly blind, so he knew not whose want of care it was that had aggrieved him, but he said he thought some explanation was due; that he should have been very willing to forgive, but that whoever had done the mischief had scampered away in perfect indifference. I was told it was thou, Lætus, and those who told me, and who were lookers on, animadverted rather sharply on what they called thy cruelty. I said they were wrong in turn, that it was only thy carelessness.'

"'Indeed! indeed! it was nothing worse,

and I will instantly go and apologize to the poor old Canus;' and round did Lætus turn his ruddery tail, in order to visit the hoary gold fish.

"'Precipitate always,' said Placidus, with an expression that would have been a smile, if fishes could smile. 'Thou wilt find time for Canus by and by, but thou art in so virtuous a mood that thou hadst better listen a little longer to my moralizings.'

"'Be it so, be it so, Placidus! With such a teacher I shall be well taught; but let me ask thee a question. Was I not very useful to Improvidus when he was wounded on the back by the pebble which the boy threw at him so wickedly?'

"'Useful! yes, but less useful than thou mightest have been, for he was rather wearied with thy too many attentions. He wanted rest—he wanted quiet. Thy excess of kind-

ness was an annoyance; a little less kindness and attention would have been more acceptable. I know thy motives were good, but neither fishes nor men care much about motives. They see actions and feel their consequences, and by the consequences of actions they judge —they recompense—they condemn.'

"'Go on, Placidus! Hast thou any other accusation against me?'

"'Remember, Lætus, I am not accusing—I am narrating. Dost know thou didst disturb a friend of ours in his meditations yesterday?'

"'Oh!' said Lætus, 'that was Sobrius, but he was in such a melancholy mood that it was but kindness to rouse him.'

"'True, if the disturbance did not make the matter worse, as thine did, for thou didst vex him sorely, and he fell into gloomier musings than before.'

"But," continued Mr Howard, "while I was figuring or fancying these conversations between the golden fishes, I heard the trampling of horses; the drums and trumpets were approaching, and the sight of ten or fifteen thousand troops filled my mind with far different thoughts from those with which I had been occupied."

# WAR.

"The troops were escorting the king to the Chamber of Deputies. I followed them thither, and sat in the Tribune, listening to the debates. I heard an orator eulogize one of his countrymen, by saying, 'His was the noble baptism of blood.' The words were received with unqualified admiration; the sentiment and the phrase seemed equally acceptable to the representatives of France."

"Baptism of blood!—what a thrilling expression!" said Edith.

"And to call it *noble* too,—what an idea!" responded Arthur.

"And to think," added George, "that a large assembly should not only not disapprove, but show signs of satisfaction!"

"But notwithstanding, my children! you must not be too hasty in judging another nation. Words have frequently a meaning which is not rendered by translation. In the mind of the orator, there was perhaps no other thought than that with which hundreds of thousands of Englishmen would speak of Trafalgar or Waterloo. The ideas of glory and victory, the exhibitions of power, absorb the mind, and throw all the misery and crime and folly which accompany war into the shade. Thus it is, that if we employed words more fitting the occasion, we should sooner reform opinion, but the mischief is wide and deep which grows out of improperly chosen words.

"Respect for human life is one of the greatest evidences of improvement and civilization.

Death is really a solemn thing, because it is the destruction of all those pleasures and pains of which the living are susceptible. If it be vicious to inflict unnecessary suffering, or to prevent possible enjoyment, the extinction of all the sources of suffering and enjoyment, by violence, must, when unjustifiable, be the heaviest of all offences. War would be impossible, if the value and the sacredness of life were fitly estimated; it would be found that a justification for such a sacrifice as war brings with it is really and in the nature of things almost impossible,—that until every conceivable means of discussion, debate, inquiry, forbearance, generosity, had been wholly exhausted, until no shadow of a chance remained for peaceful and pacific arrangement, no excuse could be sufficient for venturing upon the vast ocean of miseries which national hostility creates.

"Strolling over the scenes of the late riots

of Paris, I tarried before the house, in the Rue Transnonain, where many persons had been killed, and I was curious to hear the observations of the people, who were gathered in groups recounting to one another the horrors of the day. I observed that the observation most general among them was, that 'French blood had been shed.' Many said, 'If it had only been the blood of foreigners!' I was struck with the mingling of nationality and philanthropy—philanthropy which had abundant sympathy for the sufferings of the people to which it belonged, but which seemed anxious to exclude every body else from its benevolence. And I thought again, as I had often thought before, on the wretched education which nations receive; how the field of brotherhood is narrowed, how all sentiments of beneficence are chilled and contracted by the influences of war!

"Nations that are accustomed to hold life in little value, and who employ barbarous punishments as a means of terror, are invariably addicted to cruelty. In China, for example, infanticide is not considered a crime, and murder in all its forms is of habitual and constant occurrence. Yet there is no country that employs such a variety of tortures as instruments of legislation. There are volumes upon volumes which represent the penal inflictions of the Chinese laws; and ingenuity itself seems almost exhausted in the countless shapes of misery which men have thus invented for subjecting others to agony. A friend of mine, who, in a voyage round the world, landed at a Chinese town in the Yellow Sea, told me that he had witnessed the punishment of a parricide, who eighteen years before had destroyed his father; and the exhibition he saw was the seventeenth to which the murderer had been

exposed. His sentence condemned him to solitary confinement, to nakedness, to the deprivation of light; his food was let down from a hole through the top of the cell where he was immured, and his hair, beard, and nails were left to grow. On the anniversary of the murder he was dragged forth, a horrible object, and exposed for a day in a barrel of blood, on a public stage; he was compelled to feed himself with rice drenched in the blood, which was forced into his throat by the executioner if he refused to eat. Seventeen times he had undergone the punishment, and there was scarcely left about him a single fragment of humanity. This was horrible enough, but the effect was far different from that which was no doubt intended by the legislature. The extravagance of the suffering had merely brutified the sufferer, while the effect upon the spectators was by no means salutary.

"How impossible would such inflictions become if men had any sentiment of the value of pain and pleasure! If they weighed them in the balance as being worthy of their anxiety; if they determined to waste none of them, but to employ them to some good end! I tell you the story, children, as I heard it—as a striking example of ill-judged punishment. Happy for you, happy for us, to have been born in a better country, and under the protection of more beneficent laws!

"I lived," continued Mr Howard, "in the Spanish Peninsula during the War of Independence. Nobody who had not witnessed the frightful reality could form an idea of all the sufferings created by long-enduring hostilities. I have passed through villages almost wholly deserted—so deserted that no living being was to be seen, but some poor

helpless creature wandering like a ghost among the ruins! Often and often have I looked in the distance on splendid mansions, and, on drawing near, have found them unroofed, the windows all broken, and every chamber abandoned and desolate!

"I entered St Sebastian after the siege. You know how long and obstinate was the resistance of the garrison. It was taken by storm, and I followed the conquering army. The road by which they entered was strewed with dead; there was a stream flowing at the bottom of the citadel, and it was almost stopped by mutilated corpses. But, when we reached the breach, the sight was horrible; shattered limbs, broken muskets, slices of human flesh, fragments of garments, were spread about in horrible confusion. We entered the town—it had been set on fire by the infuriated combatants. We saw the dead

lying under the walls, which had fallen on them—their hands frequently exposed grasping, in their death-agony, the earth beneath them. There was a dead mother, with a living child on her bosom. It was a scene of revelry and horror—of drunkenness and death—of noise and fearful silence—of ferocity and fear—of madness and of misery! I was sick and weary of scenes which I have since heard honoured as glorious. But, after the first frenzy was over—when the eye looked round on the ruin and the devastation—nobody would venture to talk of the 'glory' of so frightful a catastrophe—the tale of mischief—the story of destruction.

"I made my way to the house of a respectable goldsmith in the town. The soldiery had broken into it; they met the mother of the family at the top of the stair, and brutally knocked her down from the sum-

mit to the door-sill. She was nearly killed by the wounds she received. With my own ears I heard her lips tell the terrible story. Atrocities far worse than this I witnessed; and they have been justified by warriors; and they form part of the natural and necessary results of war. War of all plagues the most pestilential — the most prolific! War, compared to which all other crimes are small— all other follies trifling! War, the opprobium of humanity—the scandal of religion! War, the perpetual insult to man's brotherhood and God's paternity! My children! I hope the time is at hand in which it will be as impossible to league men to destroy, as it would be to devour one another. If the sufferings caused — if the blood spilt — in useless and wicked conflicts, could be made present to many a thoughtless one who has never dreamed of the price paid for that delusion which

is called 'Victory,' I am sure the feelings of delight would soon be changed into those of disgust; and, instead of turning with gratulation to the history of destruction, the eye would be offended and the heart wounded by the contemplation of so much frenzy and so much crime.

"One day, remembering what I had seen, I wrote the following lines, which you may commit to your memories:—

"CHILDREN! I was a traveller once,
Before I was a man,
And went to see a town besieg'd;—
'Twas St Sebastian!

"There was a field I'd often cross'd,
Adorn'd with poppies red;
I pass'd it—it was red with blood
And garments of the dead!

"There was a stream I oft had heard
Run singingly along;
'Twas choaked with corpses, and in vain
I listen'd for its song.

"There was a cottage—oft had I
Enjoy'd its homely fare:
Then—some charr'd beams and ashes black
Were all I witness'd there!

"There was a garden—in its walks
Oft had I mus'd alone:
The gates—the fences were destroy'd—
Its flowers, its shrubs were gone!

"I had seen many a happy dance,
Heard many a cheerful word:
Then—nought but misery could I see,
And nought but misery heard!

"My children! happy, happy ye
From such sad scenes afar!
And know ye what such mischief did—
Such ruin caus'd?—'Twas War!

"My children! man on earth below,
With sin and shame is curst;
But of all sin and shame, my dears!
That horrid War 's the worst!"

# SENSE AND SENSITIVENESS.

"WHAT a shocking thing it is to see misery that we cannot relieve!" said Edith to her Mamma, one day, as a poor cripple passed before the door. "What a shocking thing it is that there should be so many sufferings for which there *is* no relief! Is it right, Mamma, to accustom ourselves to look at pain and sorrow? Is it most likely to harden the heart, or to improve it?"

"My love, the state which is most likely to lead to proper and to virtuous conduct is that where the desire to be useful is not interfered with, by a susceptibility which deprives us of the power of active exertion.

Some people are so sensitive, that they lose the very means of doing good; others so careless that the disposition to do good is almost extinguished. One defect is nearly as bad as the other; but there is more misery caused by that foolish agitation which makes a person helpless, than even by the hard-heartedness which turns away with indifference. They are alike useless to the sufferer; but, in the case of the over-sensitive, their own misery is to be added. Fidgetty people are very mischievous—they make matters worse to others, and are a perpetual annoyance to themselves.

"I have known persons who, as if they had not real annoyances enough, were always on the look-out for vexations and grievances, attributing all events to the most unfavourable and irritating cause. If an answer does not come to a letter, it is sheer neglect; if a

visit is not returned, it is an intended slight; if an observation is made, it is to prevent them from speaking; if a person is silent, it is because he has no regard for them; if a joke is uttered, it is construed into a matter of grave offence; and if serious words are spoken, they are not intended to be sincere.

"And now I will give you two characters, and you shall choose which you like for your model: an old lady whose delight and habit it was to make everything sweet, and an old gentleman, the business of whose life it was to turn everything sour.

"They lived in the same village; its name was Briony. The gentleman was Mr Thaddeus Tarte — the lady was Mrs Margaret Manna. They were as unlike one another as they could well be; but being the principal people of Briony, they often met; and as Mrs Manna was the only person whom Mr

Tarte never succeeded in driving into a passion, she was frequently favoured with his visits. He had such a love for wrangling and jarring that he was sometimes in a rage because he could not make Mrs Manna angry. He often stormed against this person and the other, and was vexed and waspish because Mrs Manna would not agree with him. He sometimes said he would never go to her house again, for that she cared nothing about his opinions, and would not blame the most blameable things. But Mrs Manna was singularly indulgent to Mr Tarte. With others she would be sprightly and sportive, because she knew they could bear it, and would not misunderstand it. She never made experiments on Mr Tarte's ill-temper; she put a double check upon every expression when Mr Tarte was at hand. I do not mean to say that Mr Tarte had, or could have, all the

benefit, which the conversation of an amiable and instructed woman would have conveyed, had he allowed her spirits and friendly habits full play; and had she not perceived how eagerly he sought every occasion to misconstrue the meanings of other people. It is possible to tolerate—it is possible to disarm the ill-natured—but it is not easy to love them. They must pay the penalty of their disagreeableness. But, because they are disagreeable, we have no right to be uncourteous or uncivil.

"It was a wet and windy day in April when Mr Tarte put on his great coat, took his stick in his hand, and went forth to make a morning call on Mrs Manna. The weather, which was a little like the temper of his mind—cold, stormy, and gloomy—had put him particularly out of humour; and so off he went to vent his spite upon his good-natured neighbour: a pretty intrusion, you will say;

and so indeed it was—which nothing but the excellent temper of Mrs Manna would have made tolerable.

"He knocked at the door: as the servant did not immediately open it, new fuel was added to his discontent; he knocked violently a second time: the servant came running to let him in. 'I beg your pardon, sir; but I was in a distant part of the house when I heard your first knock: allow me to take your coat into the kitchen to dry.' 'Yes,' said Mr Tarte, 'you were attending to anything but your business: a pretty thing to keep people drenched and drowning in the street! I shall mention your inattention to your mistress. There;—' and, so saying, Mr Thaddeus Tarte threw his coat on the balustrade, without paying any attention to the man's civility, and followed him into the drawing-room.

"Mrs Manna was then turning over the leaves of an 'Annual,' obviously much delighted with the succession of beautiful engravings which she found in it.

"'Madam!' said Mr Tarte; 'Good morning, sir!' responded Mrs Manna. 'Madam!' repeated Mr Tarte, very stiffly, 'I told your servant I should mention his incivility; it is high time that such carelessness should be noticed. I hope, madam, in charity to your visitors, you will require your man to be a little more on the alert.' 'I hope,' said Mrs Manna, 'Thomas has not been wanting in civility towards you; he is generally so very attentive.' 'Yes, madam, so civil and attentive as to leave me to be soaked through and through by this abominable rain — knocking, knocking, and not able to get in.'

"'I am sure Thomas could not have in-

tended it.' 'Intended it or not,' said Mr Tarte, 'so it was.' 'But, in truth,' replied Mrs Manna, 'the fault is mine; I sent him to the garret, and forgot to desire one of the women to attend to the door.' 'What detestable weather!' exclaimed Mr Tarte. 'But seasonable and useful,' responded Mrs Manna. 'No, madam, such disagreeable and violent storms are *never* seasonable. I see no reason in the world why, if we are to have rain, it should come overwhelming us like a deluge.' Mrs Manna was about to answer with some animadversion; for to her mind nothing was a more irresistible evidence of the foresight and the benevolence of the Divine Being, than the orderly and regular distribution of the seasons; to each its task of good is committed; by each in turn is it fulfilled. Thus, to the humid spring belongs the calling forth the buds and the

flowers, and the fruits to summer and autumn; and Mrs Manna had been just thinking of the beneficial influences of storms and showers. When any remarks were made in her presence which seemed to impugn the kindness or the wisdom of Providence her mind received a painful shock; yet she felt this did not warrant her being out of humour; so she made no answer whatever to Mr Tarte's observation, thinking some fitter occasion might occur for communicating her opinions. She introduced other subjects: there were one or two on which Mr Tarte liked to dilate. He was fond of fishing, and loved to talk of his fishing exploits; and, in the course of the conversation, he dropped the word that this fall of rain would induce him to go out angling on the morrow. Mrs Manna smiled as he spoke, and Mr Tarte, who was half disposed to take the smile amiss, behaved

prudently for once; and even said, 'Thank you,' to Thomas, as he brought him his great coat warm from the kitchen fire, and put into his hands the umbrella, neatly folded and dried. The rain was over; above the village church a rainbow hung, one end of which was lost in the blue heaven; the sloping street of the village had been washed clean by the storm; and Mr Tarte, as he ruminated upon the sport of the next day, recollected, too, with how much discontent he had spoken of 'the deluge' and its disagreeables. Alas! all these impressions were transitory. Mr Tarte had the *habit* of discontent—and a most melancholy habit it is, my children!

"Another day (it was at the end of the summer season, when the trees begin to put on their brown garments, and to shake off their leaves), Mrs Manna was walking by

the side of a stream that ran close to the village, and she discovered Mr Tarte seated upon a bank, with his shirt-frill ruffled, his hat off, his gloves and stick at some distance from him, and looking more than usually discomposed. Her first impression was to turn back, and not subject herself to be annoyed by his peevishness; but, on second thoughts, she determined to accost him, because as he had probably seen her approach, he might be offended by her sudden retreat; and as it was her general habit to walk by the bank, where Mr Tarte was now exhibiting his ill-humour, Mr Tarte would be more likely to notice her conduct; so she advanced with a quiet step, and taking no notice whatever of Mr Tarte's embarrassment, said, 'she had been delighted with her evening's walk.' 'So have not I with mine, madam!' responded Mr Tarte, stretching out one hand

to gather up his stick and gloves, while with the other he buttoned up his waistcoat, and then took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead dry. Mrs Manna waited to hear of some terrible grievance, and found that the amount of the mischief was merely this—that Mr Tarte had stumbled over a stone and fell; but he said he could have borne this—it was a common accident—had he not reason to believe that the whole was a plot of some mischievous boys to annoy him; for when he was on the ground he heard some young scoundrels cry out, 'Well done, old Taddy Tarte!' and they burst into loud laughter, and clapped their hands with delight. The subject of Mr Tarte's meditations, while on the bank, was how he could revenge himself on the boys; he first thought of following them and punishing them with a hearty drubbing; but he found

they could run faster than he: then he would go to the village school and obtain for them a handsome flogging from the master; but, as far as he could distinguish them, they did not belong to the school. What was to be done? —for punished they should be.

The truth was, that Mr Tarte, who was called old Taddy Tarte by all the young people of the village, was an object of no little dislike; he was so much in the habit of interfering with the sports, and checking the enjoyments of the children—he was so spare in his praises —so severe in his animadversions—that they were always rather pleased when anything with him went wrong. If his hen roost were robbed—'Well, 'tis a good thing 'twas old Taddy's,' they said. If his chimney were on fire—'Better old Taddy's than Mrs Manna's' —was the exclamation. Once, when returning home late, his foot slipped and he rolled

into the gutter and reached his house covered with mud. The accident was a subject of universal mirth; and, I am afraid, of almost universal satisfaction."

"But was this right?" asked Edith, who was also desirous of learning what duty required, and who was far too kind and generous to rejoice in any human being's misfortune.

"Oh, no! love, it was very wrong, but it was inevitable. Restrain our own feelings as we may, there will be always too many in the world to feel pleasure in the misfortunes of those whom they dislike; and if there were no other and better means of checking the evil dispositions of others, it would be right to use these means; but a sufficient reason against using them is that they are not the best means.

"However, Mr Taddy had mistaken the matter; the boys had really nothing to do with the accident; the stone had not been put in

the middle of the road by them, it had fallen accidentally out of a pavior's cart, and the whole amount of the blame due to the boys was their having laughed at 'Old Taddy.'

"Now, Mrs Manna was just as much an object of affection in the village as Mr Tarte was of dislike. Every body from youngest to eldest was delighted to do her a service: it was the natural consequence of her constant habit of doing services to others.

"She endeavoured, but in vain, to pacify Mr Tarte: he was determined that he would not be induced to consider the whole affair as anything but a premeditated insult at first, and a wicked mockery afterwards. Mrs Manna found there was no use in arguing against a man whom nothing could convince; she did not however utter an angry word, but continued her walk by the banks of the stream.

"As she walked, a dog sprung out of a

farm-yard, and ran towards her, barking as if it meant to bite her; two boys followed the dog; one of them seized him by the collar, and the other said, 'It is not old Taddy Tarte, he must not hurt the lady.' Mrs Manna looked the urchin in the face, who said to her, laughingly, 'It shan't touch you, madam; we thought old Taddy was coming this way, and we meant to frighten him.' 'And why?' said Mrs Manna. 'Oh, ma'am! he is such an ill-natured old fellow; we were coming along the road and saw him fall over a stone, and we could not help laughing, he was in such a passion; and then he began to abuse us, and said *we* had put the stone there for the very purpose of throwing him down; and when we said we did not, he only got the more angry, and so we ran away, and determined that if he came this way we *would* frighten him with the dog; and that's the whole truth,

ma'am, for we would not tell you anything but the truth.'

"'But you would please me much better,' said Mrs Manna, 'if you would behave differently to old Mr Tarte; you should not have laughed at him because he had the misfortune to fall, but rather have offered to be of any use to him; and if you had done so kindly, he would certainly not have thought that you were the cause of the accident, and you would not have required a lesson from *me*, you know,' she said with a smile.

"A lady's smile has a great charm in it; and if ladies knew how to use their smiles prudently and benevolently, I do not know what wonders, Edith, might not be worked in the world.

"The boys both said, 'No, ma'am, we would not do anything to vex *you*.' 'Very well, then, you always vex me when you annoy

Mr Tarte:' and when she said this, the boys scampered away, shouting, 'We shan't forget! we shan't forget!'

"It was not very long after, that Mr Tarte was walking through the village, and he fancied he recognized one of the boys who had been laughing at him. He determined not to appear to notice the boy, thinking that if he were the guilty person he would again misbehave himself, and Mr Tarte had made up his mind to learn who the boy was, and to get his father or his master to punish him. The boy was one of the two to whom Mrs Manna had spoken, a warm-hearted and a generous boy, and a brave one too. The boy expected that Mr Tarte would notice him; he thought even that he should get a blow over his shoulders from Mr Tarte's cane; but as Mr Tarte passed the boy made a bow. This astonished Mr Tarte, who said to him,

'Was it not you who behaved so ill to me the other day? Was it not you who laughed at me when I fell?' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy, 'and I wish I had not done so.' 'Why, my good boy?' said Mr Tarte, who was much struck with the manly frankness of the lad. 'Why, sir, because I do not believe you are so ill-natured as I thought; and, besides, Mrs Manna desired I would not vex you; and I won't vex you again if you'll not be angry with me for doing so before.' 'Not I,' said Mr Tarte; 'give me your hand, my boy, and I think I have learnt a lesson as well as you.'

"The habit had been too long indulged by Mr Tarte to enable him to get completely rid of his querulous disposition, but it was moderated, and soon after his conversation with the boy he called on Mrs Manna.

"Thomas came to the door, and was not a

little surprised to hear the very gracious tones in which Mr Tarte addressed him. It was a new thing indeed for Mr Tarte to speak to any servant with courtesy. Not that Mr Tarte really desired to show his scorn, or pride, or ill humour, but a certain severity of manner had become almost a part of his nature, and very, very difficult it was to restrain it."

"Did he learn to restrain it, Mamma?" asked Edith.

"Not wholly, Edith; for, as I mentioned, his temper would frequently get the better of his intentions; but he found it was quite for his interest to check himself, and he often had to do so."

"Did Mrs Manna ever compliment him on his improvement, Mamma?"

"Never, dear, by any direct observation upon it, as that might have hurt his self-love. But Mr Tarte was not insensible that Mrs

Manna had perceived a change. His visits were more frequent, and they were never disturbed, as they used to be, by outbreaks of bad humour."

# MUSHROOM-HUNTING.

"In Russia," said Mr Howard to the children, after a ramble in the country, "a great number of species of mushrooms are used for food. In England little attention is paid to this curious fungus.

"Their collection would not alone be a source of pleasure; but the study of their different characters would be useful, instructive and even profitable.

"Some of them are delicious, others dangerous to eat; some pleasing to the palate, and others absolutely poisonous.

"I have seen a pretty book written by a French author, M. Roques, in which he de-

scribes a great variety of mushrooms, and instructs his readers to distinguish the wholesome from the deleterious.

"He shows, for the use of *the poor*, in times of famine, or when the price of food is very dear, that large quantities of vegetable *fungi* may be collected, which will be found nutritive and excellent nourishment. But M. Roques's book costs twenty-four francs, which is one pound sterling; how should such a book reach *the poor?*

"If a man were bent on doing a useful thing, he could hardly find one more useful than to write and circulate a small volume on the means of obtaining 'Cheap Food.' Nature has done far more for man than man has yet discovered; and all his discoveries in one part of the world have not reached other parts. Old and foolish prejudices have prevented many improvements. Some nations

that will not eat of a hare have no objection to snakes and serpents; others that will not touch a pig will devour frogs or snails. Our habits create strange prejudices, and our prejudices perpetuate themselves from one generation to another. If we could but accustom ourselves to reason, how very different an estimate should we form on thousands of matters!

"There lived in the neighbourhood of Moscow a family of serfs, which had obtained from their lord the permission to gather mushrooms, and to take them to the *Ochotnoi Riad,* which is the great market of the Russian capital."

"Obtained from their lord!" inquired Edith; "what does that mean?"

"In Russia," said Mr Howard, "there are many millions of serfs or peasants, who are considered the property of their feudal

master. They cannot, indeed, be removed from the soil on which they were born; but they are sold as the trees or the cattle there. They cannot possess property; and even their little gains are not their own, but may at any time be taken possession of by their lords. Those lords are sometimes humane enough to allow them to get money by their industry; and there are among them some who make it their pride, and boast that they possess slaves whom they can call opulent. But now to our story.

"The busiest and the cleverest of the serf family was a young girl called Mashenka. She had learnt little—for it is very seldom that learning enters the log-built cottages of the Russian peasants—but nature had given her an active mind; and she had always taken a sort of pleasure in mushroom-gathering. When very young, she used to

request her father to put her into the *talega* or little cart, in which he carried his mushrooms to the *Ochotnoi Riad*, and amused herself often, for which she sometimes got well scolded, in separating the different sorts of mushrooms more carefully than her father had been used to do.

" One day, in coming home from the market, her father said, that he had sold his mushrooms more easily, and the price he asked was more willingly paid than usual; for I should tell you, my children, that there prevails throughout Russia the foolish and insincere habit of asking a price much above that which it is intended to take. I have often known the Russians abate half or two-thirds of what they have demanded."

" Do you think anything is got, Papa!' said George, " by this custom?"

" No, George! but much is lost by it.

Time, patience, and what is far worse, a habit of sincerity; I fear there are few bargains made in Russia, about which many lies are not told, lies to induce the purchaser to give a price beyond the value of the article.

"Mashenka (to proceed with our story) said, she verily believed the reason of her father's success consisted in the trouble she had taken, and asked leave to assort the mushrooms in future as she gathered them. The old man smiled and stroked his beard, for all the Russians wear beards, and said, '*Kharasho*,' which means, in English, 'It is well,' or 'So be it.'

"This gladdened Mashenka, and she began to apply herself with great attention to the separation of the mushrooms into different sorts; and as her father really found much profit in her knowledge, he gave her a copeck or two, and she was encouraged to be

thoughtful and careful by the success of her thoughts and cares.

"Mashenka had never been taught by the lessons of others, but experience led her to make many important distinctions. She found that the mushrooms which grew under the shadow of the birch-tree were different from those she found in the pine-woods; that some species loved the sun, and some the shade; and that various soils produced mushrooms almost as various. She made her little experiments; she transferred the mould from one spot to another; she learnt to distinguish by the taste between the wholesome and the deleterious sorts of mushrooms. The Russians call the funguses which grow on trees, and which they do not eat, *gribi*, and the mushrooms which grow in the ground, *gubi*. Mashenka made many experiments on the way of dressing the various qualities; and, at last,

her father allowed her to have a little stand in the *Ochotnoi Riad* near his own, which now became celebrated for the variety and excellence of the *gubi* which were sold there.

"The lord upon whose estate Mashenka's family lived, was one who had some benevolence and much ostentation in his character. He did not give himself much trouble in visiting his vassals; but, whenever he did, his language was that of kindness, and he was called by the peasants, *Milostivy Gosudar*, or 'gracious master,' when they spoke of him; while his neighbour, who was a far richer nobleman than himself, was known universally by the title of *Nemilostivy*, or 'the ungracious.' Milostivy had, however, one of the great and too common vices of the Russian nobility. He was a reckless gambler. He had seen all the vicissitudes between great and moderate opulence,—he had, in fact, more than once lost

everything but his estate, — and more than once added, enormously, though only for a short time, to his possessions. He had often been tempted to gamble with his estate,— but a sense of pride,—a respect for his forefathers—a wholesome fear of consequences, had always checked him when temptation said, 'Try once more and win.' Temptation was not for a long time strong enough to break down all the barriers of prudence.

"Nemilostivy had, however, been watching the growing prosperity of his neighbour's peasantry; and Mashenka's family was remarkable among the prosperous. The gradual accumulation of wealth, by frugal industry, is sometimes quite surprising; and Mashenka's example had spread its influence through the serfs on the Milostivy estate, which had in a few years obtained celebrity for its superior mushrooms. And

do not wonder, children, that even so seemingly trifling an article became a source of comparative opulence to those who collected it. Had you seen the hundreds of waggons which convey mushrooms to market; the great and general use of this sort of food; the variety of ways in which it is prepared, preserved, and cooked for table; its universal consumption, from the tables of the mightiest down to those of the meanest, you would not wonder that a little fortune might be made out of mushrooms. But so it was; and symptoms of Mashenka's bettered condition were very visible. She added a gold chain to the ornaments she had been accustomed to wear round her neck; and was seen one evening dancing the *Pliaska* with two large bracelets of amber ornamenting her arms.

"Milostivy had been too much engaged in the pleasures—no, rather the perplexities of

the capital, to give much attention to what was passing on his estate: the peasants paid their *Pogolovnaja podat*, or poll-tax, with great regularity; and he appeared satisfied with them and with himself, as his steward, who happened to be a kind-hearted man, made the regular collection of the annual tribute from the peasant vassals.

"But the passion for display, and the far more dangerous passion, that of the gaming-house, obtained more and more possession of his thoughts. He was as restless as a feverish child, and the unhappy propensity began to drown all his better feelings. In that state, which is more like the drunkenness or the insanity of the mind, than anything else, Milostivy had been at an evening party, playing one desperate game after another. It was with Nemilostivy, who availed himself of the frenzy and excitement of the man

whom he had called 'friend' to urge him onwards. He lost larger and larger sums. At last he put his estate upon the game: luck, as it is called—luck deserted him; and the noble was penniless. The necessary forms for the transfer of the estate were drawn up next morning, and signed by Milostivy. He left Moscow immediately afterwards, and made his way to Mashenka's cottage.

"The visit of a Russian signior to the *Shalash*, or hut, of one of his peasants is an event of very rare occurrence. So vast a distance is there between the lord and the vassal, so remarkable is the contrast between their mode of life, that the appearance of a noble in the house of his serf is in many parts of Russia considered what that of a sovereign would be to a shop-keeper. And in truth so wretched and so dirty are the habitations of the peasants, so suffocating

from the heat, so offensive from the noisome smells, and generally so crowded with living and offensive things, that it is not to be wondered at if they are generally avoided. Milostivy had never before entered Mashenka's dwelling. He scarcely knew what took him thither. He had a vague recollection of having heard of the prosperity of the family; but his mind was troubled, and his heart was almost broken. He was not clad as usual: he had a wild and weary look. He walked into the cottage, and sat down without saying a word.

"Nobody was there; he looked round him and was astonished at the neatness and comfort on every side. I do not mean that it was comparable to an English peasant's happy home; but to Milostivy it was a sight such as he had never seen in the habitation of his

serfs. It almost aroused him from his gloomy meditations.

"'*Boje isbav!*—Heaven protect us!' said Mashenka, as she entered and saw her lord seated on the *Lejanka*, or top of the stove, which is found in all Russian dwellings. '*Ne dai Bog!* What can be amiss!' exclaimed Mashenka, starting back as if she had seen a spirit.

"But Milostivy was silent; he hung down his head. '*Milosivjeishii Gosudar!*—Most gracious sir,' uttered Mashenka with a soft voice, and bowed herself to the ground, and kissed her lord's feet as she rose.

"'Not so, Mashenka! not so — I am no longer your master, and you are no longer my vassal. Know that I am as poor — Oh how much poorer than you!'

"Mashenka had only that imperfect feeling

of the rights of property which characterises those who possess nothing that is really their own. '*Gosudar!*' she answered, 'I do not understand you; but all that we have is yours.'

"'Alas! it was so yesterday—but to-day this hut—and its inhabitants—and its possessions—your family—you—all—all belong to another.'

"It was not for Mashenka to inquire how the calamity had happened. Tears came into her eyes while she opened a small chest and took from it a roll of paper money. She trembled violently—she was unable to speak.

"Milostivy saw her purpose, and a smile—a cold smile came over his countenance:—'Matters are not so bad as that yet; but you are transferred to another master: may he be kind to his vassals!'

"The nobleman uttered a benediction and departed. Many a time was his name pro-

nounced, and his memory blessed; for the serfs had sad reason to regret his loss.

"The new lord was altogether of a different temper. It was his purpose to drain the peasants of their last copeck. He immediately raised the poll-tax. He extorted everything on which his cupuity could lay hold. The people, who had no longer any recompense for their toil, fell into their ancient habits of indifference. Even Mashenka neglected her mushroom gatherings; she went less frequently to market; her little store gradually lost its reputation; all exertion was damped and destroyed; for all motive to exertion was taken away by the rapacious lord.

"Some years passed on: the peasants that had been the model of the country—the happy and prosperous race—sunk down to their former lethargy. The oppression and cruelty that were practised towards them only brutal-

ized them the more: — but Mashenka was soon to witness new vicissitudes.

"A *ukase* for a conscription among the peasants had been issued; and among those whose lot it was to be summoned to the army was a young man who had long been plighted to Mashenka. At times Mashenka made an effort to adorn the hut; and always looked cheerful when Ivan was expected, or when he appeared; but the spring of hope was dried within her.

"It was at the time when the Emperor Alexander was founding his military colonies. The first news of the conscription was a terrible shock to Mashenka, for she imagined Ivan would be comprehended in it. And so he was. — Wretched was the day, but still more wretched the night when she was told the news. But Ivan had heard a report that in the military colonies soldiers were allowed to marry;

and without communicating his purpose to any one, he went to the neighbouring village, made his way to the serjeant of the troops that were stationed there, who happened to be an acquaintance, told him his story, and inquired, with wet eyes and a timid voice, whether it were possible that Mashenka should accompany him.

"The serjeant answered him in a friendly tone; on which Ivan broke out into a long description of Mashenka's merits and virtues, and the service she could do, and her present unhappiness, and intreated the serjeant to plead for her.

"'*Kharasho!* Well, that will I; and I will lend you music for the wedding—if a wedding there be.'

"Light was the step of Ivan as he hurried to Mashenka's hut. But she could hardly hope the dream, as she thought it, would

ever prove a reality. 'The gosudar will never consent. No! Ivan, you will go alone; and you will leave me to weep and to die!'

"The moment was, however, a propitious one. The Emperor was very desirous of extending the military colonies. It was one of his most favoured projects, and the serjeant knew it. He spoke to the lieutenant above him—the lieutenant to the superior officers—and authority was obtained for the celebration of the marriage, and for the departure of the bride with her husband to the interior.

"I shall not tell you, children, all that passed on the journey. Ivan was a kind husband, and Mashenka a happy wife. Severe, and even cruel, though the army regulations of Russia are, Ivan was never a defaulter, and the presence of Mashenka enabled him to bear much which otherwise might have seemed unbearable.

"The military colonies were intended to unite the agricultural with the military life. Ivan was not only a diligent but an intelligent peasant; and Mashenka soon found that her former habits and engagements might be beneficial to both. They had now also escaped from vassalage; for the moment a serf becomes a soldier, the right of the lord over his person ceases. Any profits he can make belong to himself, and the seignior cannot take them away.

"Ivan's good behaviour soon led to his advancement; and he was allowed a small spot of ground to cultivate for himself. The day when he obtained it was one of the very happiest of Mashenka's existence. In it she saw their future fortunes; and she was not deceived.

"She was clearing away the snow one morning in winter, when an officer's kibitka

stopped suddenly; and she heard '*Mashenka!*' in a voice that seemed familiar to her ear.

"It was Count Milostivy. He was the commander of a regiment in a neighbouring colony, and had heard that the Moscow mushroom-girl was only a few versts away. He had passed through many scenes of vicissitude; but having, through the interference of some old acquaintance, obtained a commission from the Emperor, had intreated that he might be stationed at the military colonies—first, because he wished to remove himself far away from all the scenes where self-reproach and sorrow went with him at every step; and, secondly, because he thought it was really a scene of great usefulness, where he might re-establish a credit that was broken, and regain the peace of mind that had long ago abandoned him. He had determined to forget the past—for in it there was no me-

mory of pleasure. It seemed to him a dark and dreary spot, to which it was misery to turn. He avoided every occupation which could remind him of former scenes. 'I will begin,' he said, 'a new existence—I cannot alter the past, nor undo that which has been done; but I can make it as if it had never been. I can—I will rase it all from my recollection.' And to a great extent he had succeeded.

"But the past cannot be wholly forgotten. The mind is not completely its own master. Mashenka's name had brought out of the past some thoughts, which were more bright because they came forth from darkness. The visit to the shalash flashed upon him in striking contrast to all the other events of that memorable and melancholy time. He longed to see Mashenka, and he drove off to visit her

almost as soon as he had heard of her arrival.

" Milostivy had acquired influence, though he had not amassed wealth. Adversity had made him thoughtful, and he restrained the momentary impulse which would have offered at once to change the condition of Ivan and Mashenka. He wisely calculated that he could make them far more happy by opening to them more widely the door of future though distant prosperity, than by any sudden or unexpected change.

" He desired Mashenka, whose delight broke through the accustomed marks of servile respect with which the Russian serfs salute their masters, to tell him her story since she had quitted his ancient estate. Many a time he passed his hand over his eyes, as Mashenka told him of the distressing changes in the

condition of the peasantry since he left. But Mashenka did not tell all; for why should she give sorrow to a master who had never given sorrow to her or hers?

"'Have you forgotten the *Ochotnoi Riad?*' inquired the Count.—'No, indeed, my gracious lord,' answered Mashenka; 'and Ivan and myself have often thought that if I could be permitted'——

"'I know what you mean, Mashenka! You shall have permission and patronage too. It was for that I came. When the season arrives, you shall be set up in the world.'

"The promise was faithfully kept. The Count obtained mushroom spawn from different parts of the empire. He studied the matter as if his own happiness had depended on it. He helped Ivan and Mashenka to various modes of culture. He added the observations of science to those of Mashenka's

experience. He assisted them to produce and to sell their productions. The ground-work was again laid of a little fortune, of which Mashenka was not again to be despoiled. Year after year added something to their well-doing; and the Count was enabled to recompense their meritorious efforts in a thousand ways. Ivan reached the highest grade among non-commissioned officers. So popular was he, that none complained of his advancement. Mashenka and he have many children; and they are the children not now of serfs, but of free people; for Ivan's term of military service is over, and he has been enabled to buy a small tract of land close to the colony, through the whole extent of which the mushroom-maid of Moscow is a title of fame."

# SELFISHNESS.

"'I WONDER why you cry?' said a young prince to his governess one day; 'I wonder why you cry, for I am quite well!'

"So much adulation and misinstruction turned aside the natural current of his affections, that the boy thought only of himself, and thought, too, that everybody else was occupied in thinking of him alone. It is by such mistakes that all the generous feelings are eradicated, and, it is thus, that the mischiefs and miseries caused by wicked princes have their origin in the foolish flatteries of those who form their characters."

This observation fell from Mr Howard one

day, and produced a great impression on the children. It set them thinking on the distinction between selfishness and prudence,—qualities very different, but very apt to be confounded.

"What a bad opinion the governess must have had of the prince!" said George.

"But how badly she must have taught him!" Edith ejaculated; "for such a selfish notion would never have got into the boy's head of itself: it must have been put there by somebody."

"I don't think, Edith!" responded George, "that the way to make people wise and good is to flatter them so foolishly, and to talk to them as if all the world were made to be subservient to them."

"Let's ask Papa whether the governess reproved the prince," whispered Arthur to his sister.

"We want to know, Papa!" said Edith, "if the governess corrected the prince, and how."

"I am afraid not," answered Mr Howard, "though it would have been very fitting to tell the lad, who had then every expectation of being a king, that there were other persons in the world besides himself who were intitled to some thought and care. But do not judge the poor prince too harshly. He was but what his teachers made him. He was trained and taught to consider himself as everything, and everyone else as nothing; nothing but in the proportion in which they could minister to his desires and gratifications. Not long after he used the expression which showed what an unfortunate training his mind had received, the race was dethroned to which he belonged, and the discipline of adversity will perhaps have taught him that selfishness

and a regard to self-interest are far different things.

"I know a selfish man, and I will give you some traits in his character. He will not do another man a service if he can help it, because he fancies that in doing a service without an immediate return he is giving something away in waste. He forgets that he obtains for the service the desire to do him other services. He forgets that the gratitude of others is fertile in acts of kindness. In what is the sentiment of gratitude but thoughts of kindness — thoughts which will become deeds of kindness when the occasion offers? But the selfish man fancies he is poorer because he has transferred something to another, even though that something cost him nothing but a friendly will or a friendly word, while really by adding to the happiness of others the virtuous man strengthens and increases his own.

The selfish man wants to establish an instant barter for all the good he does, not reflecting that though the good he does may not produce immediate fruits, it is in the permanent nature of good to be fruitful, albeit the harvest is often distant. The selfish man, on the other hand, exacts services and kindness from others without considering himself obliged to repay them. While he lends nothing on the fair chances of profit, so he will borrow without intending to pay either principal or interest. The selfish man is a bad calculator even on his own selfish grounds. He might if he chose give much to others, without making any—the least sacrifice himself. He might obtain much from others, the return for which would cost him nothing at all.

"But the man whose selfishness is prudent and wise, will be benevolent because he is prudently and wisely selfish. He will see that

benevolence is the best selfish calculation,—that he realizes more by it than he could do by any other habit. He finds that he gets great interest upon all the outlay of his friendly and generous feelings. He discovers, were it nothing but an estimate of profits and losses, that he gains more and sacrifices less by his disposition to serve others than he could gain or save by a contrary disposition. All truths are linked to all other truths; and there is nothing in the chain more beautiful or harmonious than the communion and identity of the selfish with the benevolent principle: the selfish when regarded in its widest bearings; the benevolent when brought home to individual sway. All the disorders of society spring from the quarrel between the fancied interests of the one, or the few, contending with the interests of the many. Every error, every crime is but the representation of a man, or

men who set themselves up in hostility to public opinion and the general weal. What a result of peace and felicity will be produced when the moralist can demonstrate that there is nothing so prudent as benevolence—nothing so benevolent as prudence!

"I will exemplify my meaning by an anecdote or two," continued Mr Howard; "though I believe you will understand my meaning, and, as I hope, feel the distinctions I meant to point out.

"A poor man had been greatly wronged by his master. His master was a particular friend of Mr Ego, whose servant the poor man had been, and he fancied that Mr Ego, who had great influence with his master, might, without mischief to himself or anybody, repair the wrong. The poor man went to Mr Ego and told his story, adding that he doubted not, if Mr Ego would mention the matter, that

his master would re-consider the grievances under which he was suffering. And it was a case in which Mr Ego might have interfered without intrusiveness: but when the poor man applied to him, he answered, in a surly tone, 'What shall I get by meddling in your affairs? Cannot you settle your own quarrels without involving me?'

"Now Mr Ego, had he been really a prudent person, would have considered that he did get something by obtaining the good opinion,—the grateful opinion, of the poor man. And he might further have inquired whether, supposing the claim one of strict justice, he was doing a service alike to the poor man's master, to the poor man, and to himself as peace-maker between them. But he left the poor man indignant with him and his friend also; he left his friend in the path of wrong, when he might have led him into that of right;

and he lost the claim he might have established on the thankfulness of the servant and the master, by causing an act of justice to be done to both.

"The memory of imagined wrongs that are done and of imagined rights that are denied lives long in the mind. The poor man left Mr Ego with bitterness of thought, which, if it had found safe occasion at that moment, would have broken out into violence. And you will suppose, my children, in order to complete the moral of my tale, that I shall tell you some instance in which the poor man, being able to do Mr Ego some act of kindness, refused it; and thus punished him for his unwillingness to discharge an obvious duty.

"And such truly was the first impulse of the poor man's reflections. But he reflected again; and he asked himself, what motive he had, disapproving of Mr Ego's conduct, to make

that conduct the guide and model of his own? Was the punishment of the past, or a better example for the future, most likely to influence Mr Ego, or to serve the poor man's interests? Who could doubt?

"And the occasion occurred which put the poor man's philosophy to the test. It was some time after the circumstance I mentioned, and time had been given to the poor man to meditate on the past.

"There was a contested election in the town. Parties were pretty evenly balanced, so evenly that a few votes might turn the scale, and the poor man was in a position to decide the fate of either candidate.

"Of the candidates Mr Ego was one. Oh, how bitterly did he repent of having refused a friendly and reasonable service to the poor man! What would he not have given to have had that hour of his existence to pass over

again; to pass it over with the benefit of his present experience! Now he felt that there might be something in future events to repay present conduct: now he saw that the friendly deeds men do to one another are not so much loss, but so much gain upon the whole. Mr Ego's ambition was raised to the highest pitch. His desire of success, his dread of disappointment, were both tormenting his existence; and in the man whom he had refused to serve, he saw the arbiter of his fate.

"That poor man, however, he determined to visit; making up his mind to the humiliation of a bitter reproof, and doubting whether his known political opinions, which were those of the elector he was about to seek, would obtain favour at the hands of one whom he knew had such reason to complain. But so much depended on the poor man's conduct,

that it was necessary, at all events, to attempt to conciliate him.

"With his hat in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, Mr Ego entered the poor man's dwelling. Abashed and self-reproved, he hardly knew how to ask for the support of the poor but honest elector. He was soon relieved from his embarrassment by the poor man's offering him his hand and saying,—'Sir! my first impulse was to give you a lesson of punishment; and to recall to your mind the words that once fell from your lips: but'——

"'But—no more, my friend! no more,' said Mr Ego; 'the lesson is severe enough already. I want no other monitor than my conscience.'

"'My vote is yours,' answered the elector: 'he who has the courage to own he was wrong, gives the best evidence that he has resolved

to be right.' The poor man lent his support to Mr Ego: and Mr Ego won his election.

"I have watched Mr Ego closely," added Mr Howard; "he is not quite the man that a wise and thoughtful prudence would make him, but his very selfishness has rooted out a portion of selfishness from his mind, and he feels now that he has more profit to himself from kindness than he could have from unkindness; he feels that benevolence is a nobler and more gainful policy than selfishness; while every calculation that he makes advances him one step farther on the path of real virtue. Do you understand my meaning, my gentle Edith?'

"Indeed, Papa! I think I do. You mean that we do not get anything by being ill-natured; but that we get something by being kind and good."

"Yes, love!" answered Mr Howard; "and

why should we not? for if we are made happier by our kindness and goodness, and others are made happier—then ALL are made happier; because there is nobody in the world but ourselves and everybody else. But I have been rather dry and ethical this evening, and was afraid you would not be interested in what I was saying."

"Indeed we were interested," said George; "for though, now and then, you used some words we did not quite comprehend, yet we saw the drift of all you said, and we shall not confound the selfishness that is wise with the selfishness that is foolish."

# AFFECTION FOR INANIMATE OBJECTS.

The conversation of the previous night deeply impressed the minds of the young people; and they were rather flattered with the idea, that Mr Howard had been talking to them in a manner complimentary to their intelligence — reasoning with them, rather than amusing them. It was, indeed, Mr Howard's purpose so to blend information with enjoyment, as to make both of them as palatable and pleasurable as possible. Pleasure — solid substantial pleasure, was the end he proposed to himself and his children: not a pleasure leaving pain behind it. He would have preferred a pain that left

a pleasure; but pleasure, which, when sifted and sifted again, was pleasure still,—pleasure unaccompanied by vexation, reproach, or regret.

In this temper, as we have seen, the Howard family gave to their conversations the widest range. By and by we may pourtray them in their more serious studies, as we have done in their leisure hours.

"But, Papa!" said George; "you said that kindness brought back kindness in return —may not kindness sometimes fail in doing so?"

"Surely," replied Mr Howard; "but the *habit* of kindness will never fail; and the habit you know is the result of acts."

"Yes," said Edith; "but may we not love persons and things that *cannot* love us,—persons that are dead, and things that cannot feel?"

"Undoubtedly you may;" answered her father, "but that very disposition to love wins the love of others. Men cannot help loving those who give them evidence that they love them. What I would have you encourage, for your own happiness, is an amiable and loving temper; and let that temper be displayed wherever it can. In our intercourse with other human beings, and with a considerable part of the brute creation, we have always, as I have said, a strong motive for rendering them friendly services, inasmuch as they are able and will be willing to render us friendly services in return. But there are also thousands of objects which are sources of pleasure and subjects of sympathy, independently of any positive good they can do us. Attachment to inanimate things with which pleasure has been associated sometimes becomes almost a passion.

There is a famous passage in one of the Moorish poets, expressing in strong terms the sentiments with which the sight of the first palm tree introduced into Spain, inspired one of the Moorish monarchs. It was the renowned Abderaman. He made for himself a beautiful garden, in the most beautiful part of which he planted a palm tree,—the palm tree which the Moors maintained to be the prolific parent of the multitudes of palm trees that now ornament Andalusia and Granada. He had erected a temple for the purpose of meditation, and was wont to sit there, hour after hour, contemplating his favourite tree. 'His melancholy,' says an Arabic historian, 'which he thought of allaying by all the pleasant thoughts and stories which the palm tree would bring to his mind, only increased upon him;' and the following is a faithful version of one of the soliloquies he uttered:—

'Beautiful palm! thou chief of trees,
Thou wert a stranger tree,
But now the sweet Algarvian breeze
Salutes and worships thee.

'In fertile soil thou art rooted deep,
Thy head is in the sky;
But thou would'st weep—how sadly weep!
Could'st thou but feel as I.

'The tempest-torrent shakes thee not,
Thou standest in thy pride,
While by the storms of time and thought
My troubled mind is tried;

'And I waste tears, while Forat's stream
Waters each favourite tree;
But trees, and Forat's river, seem
Oblivious all of me—

'Of me, whom Alabaz has driven
From mine own seat of rest,—
Of me, whom Alla's will has riven
From all I loved the best.

'Thou voiceless palm—no memory
Of country dost thou keep,
So I most weep for thee—for me—
I cannot choose but weep.'

"When I was travelling in Spain, the palm trees were shown to me which Abderaman was said to have planted. They were the stateliest I ever saw, and were tall as the towers of Cordova, near which they stood. Two of them then remained, venerable as oriental banyans, recalling to my mind the history of the Moorish conquest of Spain. But, since I left Cordova, I am told that one has been uprooted by the tempest, and with it a thousand interesting recollections. I own that I have often turned towards these trees with something like respect and affection, and that I think of them still as of distant and departed friends, one belonging to the living, and the other to the dead.

"Once, while I was looking at the palm trees, a fancy came across my mind that I was present at one of the scenes described in the civil wars of Spain, by the romantic his-

torians or rather the poets of that country. I imagined I saw the Moor, Abdallah, as he is described by the chronicler, 'sad, and very thoughtful and all his hopes departed,' surrounded by followers who had sheathed their swords, and who looked mournfully at one another and at their chieftain,—having heard that their last and strongest fortress had been taken by the Spaniards; and that the succours they had long expected had returned to Africa, in despair. Abdallah's companions were few, and none of them illustrious. There was scarcely a straggler in the roads, except shrieking women and miserable children:—even the warriors who had acquired the most renown had abandoned all human habitations and were wandering in the bye-roads of the mountains, hungry and unsheltered.

"It was under one of the palm trees, now so venerable, that Abdallah gathered his last

council of war. I fancied I saw the chieftains assemble there, and heard the harangue which the chronicler has put into the mouth of their monarch. 'Valiant men and brethren! We have toiled and triumphed in vain. Algiers has betrayed—Turkey has deserted us. Fez and Morocco have been deaf to our supplications. We have lost our citadels and our ships. Hunger has destroyed us more mercilessly than arms. Our wives and children perish—they invoke either captivity or death! Surrender then—though I cannot surrender. Another sun is rising, while mine is darkening into night. The vow that I have vowed to the Prophet I must keep; it only brings with it the doom of perpetual solitude, where I will meditate on your virtues and mine own adversity.' The women, says the chronicler, all burst into tears; and the warriors said—'Let us have peace!' And the word 'peace!—peace!'

George Cruikshank Fec

passed from lip to lip as a fragrant flower might pass from hand to hand—and Habaqui the valiant, with a white flag which he placed on a lance, went to the Christian king, and a treaty of peace was made: made to be broken. Abdallah, deserted by his ancient followers, wandered long among the mountains, where he was hunted like a beast of prey, and being at last discovered, was ordered to Granada,—there to die. As he passed near one of the palm trees that reminded him of other days, he broke out into bitter lamentations, and was much more sorrowfully affected than he had been by all the misery he had witnessed. The chronicler says, that as he was descending on his mule down the precipitous side of a mountain, where there was a deep ravine below, he took a last look at the palm trees, and flung himself into the abyss, being dashed to pieces among the sharp

and cruel rocks. The Spaniards found his corpse there, and decapitated it, suspending his head in an iron cage, with an insulting inscription, which an historian of Spain says he himself had seen, calling Abdallah 'a Traitor Dog.'

"Often does some inanimate object become, as it were, the text of history. Places which have been the scenes of great and interesting events are dear to individuals and to nations. They have the celebrated spots they love, as well as the illustrious men they honour. All the feelings may be called into action, where there is no real response to them from inanimate nature:—but to fancy such responses is one of the most pleasing and most powerful attributes of genius. And sometimes the impression is so strong as to give a sort of vitality—to introduce a living principle—amidst the very silence and stillness of nature."

"I recollect, Papa," said Arthur, "when you showed us Runnymede, that I could not but fancy all the barons assembled there for the signing of Magna Charta."

"And," said Edith, "when we went to the Tower, and you, Papa, pointed out the place where the infant King Edward, and his brother were murdered, I could hardly help shrieking, for it seemed to me as if the murderers were there, and that I could hear the cries of the poor children."

"On such occasions," answered Mr Howard, "the imagination is very busy, as it is assisted by the presence of objects which become like outlines to be filled up by recollections. I well remember when I was travelling to Forres, in Scotland, near the spot where I fancied that Macbeth had met the witches. It was in the twilight of evening that three witch-like forms appeared in the mist before

me, standing on the heath, near a fire. I looked, and looked again; and felt as if I were in the presence of the 'weird sisters.' They seemed to be solemnly walking round the burning cauldron, into which they threw the charms, as they moved along: and I heard their deep and solemn voices; and saw, every now-and-then, with more distinctness, their haggard forms. I approached nearer—the illusion vanished, which had been created by the associations of the dramatic poet and the dreary place. There were three peasants who had been making themselves a fire of gorse upon the heath; and in the state of my mind, at that time, it required little to make the scene and the action verify what Shakspeare has so strikingly imagined.

# PRUDENCE.

"THERE was a philosopher in ancient time who taught that there is only one virtue, namely, prudence. If he had said that there were only two,—prudence and benevolence, he would have been quite right."

"I think, Papa," said George, "we all of us begin to see pretty clearly, that the other virtues are not of much value."

"My friend, the Philosopher—not Apollophanes," rejoined Mr Howard, "used to say that there are only two persons in the world—you, and everybody else—Mr Self, and Mr Allbesides. Mr Self's business with himself is in concerns

of prudence—his business with Mr Allbesides is mostly in concerns of benevolence. When they have transactions together they interchange prudence and benevolence. In all the affairs where Mr Allbesides is not concerned, all that Mr Self has to do is to take care of himself. He is to take care of himself, too, when he has to do with Mr Allbesides, but in order to get as much as he can out of Mr Allbesides, Mr Self must do him as much service as he is able. All this means that it is prudent to be prudent, and prudent to be benevolent. So that in fact there is one sense in which the ancient philosopher was right in saying that there is no virtue but prudence, or rather that all virtues, when thoroughly understood, are but prudence; for unless benevolence itself gave a man pleasure no man would be benevolent, and it is certainly prudent to get as much pleasure as possible—as much of pleasure which is

not followed by pain. The pleasures of benevolence are as much a man's own as any other pleasures, and he has the same interest in possessing them as in possessing any others. If I were called upon to point out that portion of man's nature which most clearly exhibits how much he was designed to be made happier by virtue, I would refer to that which proves his own interests to be so intimately connected with the well-being of his fellows. No man so certainly provides for his own happiness—no man obtains for himself so much of happiness—no man lays in a stock of happiness of so pure and perfect a character, as he whose happiness is most interblended with the happiness of mankind. I hope, my children," said Mr Howard, "that I make myself understood. Will you each explain to me what he supposes is my meaning?"

"I understand you perfectly, Papa," said

Edith ; " I feel pleased when others are pleased. I am always uncomfortable when I see that Mamma or you are unhappy. If anybody were to offer to take some of your happiness away, and to give it to me instead, I don't think I should thank them for it."

" No, my dear girl, and it would be a foolish proposal; for, generally speaking, the more we give of happiness to others, the more we keep for ourselves. Every kind word we utter, and every kind act we do, is a proof that we really understand how to be as happy as possible. Somebody has said, ' Do nothing wrong in society, for you will lose the good opinion of others; do nothing wrong in solitude, for you will lose your own.' You have, therefore, in both cases, a very decided interest in good conduct; for nobody loses the good opinions of others, and still less his own good opinion, without suffering.

"The great moral distinction between men and brutes is, that men depend for their own pleasures more than brutes do upon the conduct of others. Many animals live lonely or solitary lives, and even when they are associated together it is for purposes of self-defence. It is very rare that they do one another mutual services; perhaps the instinct that one service may bring another in return never occupies their attention. They show prudence, and that often in a most remarkable degree, in avoiding dangers, in obtaining food, in sheltering themselves from the inclemency of weather, in the care of their young; and in all the arrangements necessary to their preservation, they often show exemplary patience, tact, and sagacity. In domesticated animals education brings them close to the regions of virtue. The fidelity and watchfulness of some of the dog species—the cheerful-

ness with which they will undergo privation and fatigue, and even endure chastisement, for the purpose of obtaining the good opinion of their masters—show that such good opinion is necessary for their comfort. Their obedience —their docility—their delight on receiving praise may, indeed, have become a habit; but the habit could not have been formed without many, many little acts which created it.

"I will, to impress this matter upon your minds, my children! give you a short character of a prudent child, and show you how thoughtful virtue may obtain friends for those who possess it.

"Martha Martin was born in a work-house. She was the daughter of a profligate mother, who treated her from her very infancy with little kindness. Her mother had seen much affliction, but that had not made her discreet. She had lost her husband, with whom her

life had been miserable, for she was careless of her dress—careless of her house—accustomed to spend all she had, regardless of the coming of the morrow, so that when the morrow came, and her husband was out of work, hunger came with it and wretchedness, and wretchedness was soon followed by apathy and recklessness. She sold or pledged the little furniture they had, and then her small stock of clothes, and in the midst of her privations her husband died; and the overseers of the parish, who had long been wearied with her importunities, forced her to enter the workhouse—and, as I said before, in the workhouse Martha was born.

"Martha was a sickly child, and small was the attention she received from her mother. Often, as the visitors passed by, they said, 'That poor child cannot live long;' but there was an old woman, a pauper in the ward, who

made up for the mother's want of kindness, and acted the part of a parent to the poor infant. Much, indeed, it wanted care; but in the mere involuntary motions of its lips the old woman fancied she saw a smile, and soon it really smiled, and then the old woman said it was the image of a child she had lost five-and-forty years before, and she would kiss it and fondle it with exceeding affection. Well it was that the helpless baby found such a friend! Its mother gave herself no concern about it. One day she left the workhouse; it was supposed, of course, she would return to her child, but she did not, nor was she heard of again; nor from that day to the end of Martha's existence had she ever tidings of her mother.

"Martha was less than twelve months old when thus deserted by her mother. The old woman applied to the overseer to be allowed

to take charge of the child, and permission was granted. And Martha never experienced the want of a mother's presence. True, a poor-house is a sad scene, whether for childhood or age, but she had known nothing better, and had not to contrast its wants with any memory of greater enjoyments. It was in many respects a useful, though a hard education, for from her cradle Martha was trained to privation. She was fed with coarse food, and clothed in common garments; but she grew stronger and stronger; she was a happy little creature, and was a favourite among all the inmates of the poor-house."

"Is not a poor-house a wretched place?" asked Edith.

"It would seem wretched, very wretched to you, Edith; but that which is wretchedness to some is comfort to others, and happily the standard of enjoyment and suffering is accom-

modated by Providence to our habits and our circumstances.

"Martha was not four years old before she exhibited marks of that prudence which distinguished her through after-life. When eating the porridge that was provided for the paupers, she was observed never to spill a drop, and when she had done she replaced the vessel on the shelf with the greatest care. If at any time she could spare a portion of the food that was brought her, she laid it aside for another occasion. She had never heard the proverb 'Waste not, want not,' but it seemed as if a thoughtful care of the future was a part of her very nature.

"Nobody knows how much good may be done by a little prudent care. I will give you an instance. One of the paupers in cutting her bread, injured her hand very seriously. There was no surgeon at hand—no

means of dressing the wound, or of assuaging the pain. Little Martha, who was then only six years old, came into the room, and saw what the poor woman was suffering. She had picked up, and preserved with her usual attention, the remains of some ointment which she had seen used, but which had been thrown out of the window as of no value. She spread it on a rag, and gave it to the woman. It answered the end—it healed the wound. Do not think these things trifling, my children! for Martha's prudence was benevolent too; and in little instances like this it was exhibited.

"In matters where the cultivation of useful habits is concerned, there is really nothing that is unimportant. The means which the the poor possess of doing good are small; and the means which the children of the poor possess, are smaller still. But prudence

and benevolence do not depend so much for their merit on the number of persons who benefit by them, as on their intrinsic value: for they who possess them will exercise them whenever and wherever they are able, and they can only be exercised in that station which it is our lot to occupy.

"You may fancy that, in the humble sphere in which Martha lived—with so few of the pleasures, and with none of the luxuries of life—she had few occasions to exhibit abstinence or temperance, or any of the virtues of restraint. But it was not so—there is no situation without temptations. Foolish thoughts occur to all. Discontent and murmuring are almost the natural result of the privations of the poor. The inequality of conditions is hard to bear, and harder perhaps to explain.

"A circumstance occurred in the poor-house which interfered with Martha's peace of mind,

and troubled her with painful reflections, of which she could not for a long time get rid. A relation of one of the girls of the poor-house had returned from abroad, having amassed considerable wealth, and had sent for this inmate of the poor-house, who returned dazzled with all the gay and rich things she had seen, to tell her companions of her good fortune, and that she was to be taken into the house of her rich relation, and to be made 'a lady' at once. Martha was at this time between eleven and twelve years old. She listened at first with delight, but afterwards in silence and sorrow, to all her companion told her of splendid apartments, and furniture, and gay beds, and liveried servants, and carriages and horses, and all the gorgeous things that riches buy. One thought took possession of poor Martha's mind—a thought that grew darker and darker—'What have

I done that all these enjoyments are denied to me? How can God, whom I am taught to consider so good and so just, deal so unequally with his creatures?' Martha's reflections of this sort now imbittered her existence. Though so young, she had heard enough to show her that she was among the lowest and meanest of the human race. She had not seen much, but whenever she had left the poor-house, all that she observed looked happier—more comfortable than that she was accustomed to see. On one occasion she was invited, and obtained leave to visit her former companion, who was no longer dressed in the coarse garb of the workhouse, but wore handsome clothes, and had even servants to attend her. Martha trembled as she mounted the carpet-covered stairs. Her friend spoke kindly to her, and said she had mentioned her name to her relation, and she hoped he

would interest himself about her. Martha could hardly say she thanked her; for the thought of her own inferiority came across her at that moment with such bitterness, that she returned to the poor-house in tears, and fancied she should never be happy again.

"But Martha's grief, poignant though it was, was gradually lessened by reflecting that, instead of rendering her condition better, grief would only make it worse. 'What do I get,' she said to herself, 'by the discontent which is but another evil added to all the rest? Why should I increase my privations by depriving myself of my peace of mind?' And thus Martha did really drive away her gloomy reflections, and in the place of them she indulged in hopes that some day or other her lot might be more fortunate.

"And so it turned out: for a few days afterwards a notice came from the overseer

that a situation was found for Martha. She went to it, accompanied by the best wishes of all the poor people among whom she had been born and bred: and they said, as she left them—'She always was a good girl, and let good luck be with her always!'

"Martha was soon found to be a treasure in the family into which she had entered. Grateful for all kindness, she made a grateful return. The prudence which had before but little to exercise itself on, now became a most useful and important virtue. Her thriftiness and care found ample employment; and her trustworthiness obtained for her more and more the confidence of all. She could not bear to waste any thing, and her previous situation had trained her to attach some value to trifles which are too often wholly disregarded.

"Experience had taught Martha the im-

prudence and the folly of indulging in painful thoughts. As she grew older, she found that we may habitually, if we please, dwell upon pleasant thoughts. And this experience made Martha one of the wisest of women. She was always cheerful, because her mind was constantly occupied with cheerful reflections, and her hands engaged in cheerful duties. Her labours were lightened by a perpetual gaiety; not a thoughtless or a frivolous indifference; but a disposition which would find in every exertion something to encourage hope, or to reward with happiness. I did not intend, my children, to tell you much of a story in speaking of Martha Martin. I wanted to show you, by an example, the value of thoughtful prudence. Martha occupies now —though still young—the highest situation in the family where she filled the lowest. She is an object of general respect—I may say

of affection. I do not know what her lot may be hereafter, but sure I am she has laid up for future time great stores of happiness — stores to which many of her companions will be delighted to contribute."

# FLOWERS.

In ancient gardens, flowers were few. Civilization, and travel—the consequence and cause of civilization—have brought with them innumerable beautiful things as well as useful ones; and the variety of flowers and fruits are among the most delightful evidences of improvement.

"I remember," said George, "having read, that in the decorations and ornamented festivals of Tarquin the Proud, roses were the only flowers employed."

"The love of flowers," said Mr Howard,

"was so strong in ancient times, that there was a law which prohibited any flower garlands being worn, except by patrician or privileged brows. But the law was so constantly violated, that it was impossible to enforce its observance, and, in the course of time, the strength of habit became mightier than the law."

"We laughed the other day," said Arthur, "when we read Cicero's reproach of Verres, because he was escorted about Sicily upon a litter covered with roses, wearing a crown of flowers, and having all his garments festooned with flowery wreaths."

"The Romans learnt the custom from the Greeks," said Mr Howard; "the Greeks, perhaps, from the Oriental nations. At Athens, we know the use of flowers was almost universal; and the favourites seem to have been the rose, the pink, the violet, the

narcissus, and the iris. They were employed in the dresses of women, for the adorning the altars, for the priestly costume, and, above all, for the ornaments of social festivals. It was believed the fragrance of flowers had occult virtues, and that it dissipated the effects of excess; that it stimulated fancy; brightened the intellect, and disposed the mind to cheerfulness and gaiety.

"The Emperor Augustus spent large sums in flowers: and Heliogabalus employed them in the most extravagant profusion. His beds were covered with their leaves: his apartments and porticos almost hidden beneath the quantities of flowers used for their decoration.

"There is an account of a supper given by Cleopatra, in which she spent a talent (nearly 5000*l.* of our money); on which occasion, it was said, the saloon was made into a

real bed of roses, the floor being completely covered by the quantity of leaves.

"Flowers too formed a great portion of the expence of the famous repast of Nero, which cost four millions of sesterces (nearly 30,000*l.* sterling). Historians tell us that flowers, and particularly roses, were imported at an enormous price, from Asia, and cultivated in costly style. Great expense was incurred by the attempts to have early flowers, and to obtain them after the period of ordinary bearing.

"You have heard, I dare say, of the passion which was so general in Holland, for tulips and hyacinths, and the wonderful prices which were sometimes paid for them. A few flowers of the rarer species were a fortune. Even in these days there are vestiges of this flower-loving mania. In no part of the world are the gardens so richly provided

with costly flowers; and there is still a large trade carried on in the exportation of roots from Haarlem and other places.

"Haarlem!" interrupted Emily. "Is that not the place where the renowned organ is, whose pipes are so large, and its sounds so harmonious?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Arthur; "and there it was that the inventor of printing was born."

"Whose name was —— inquired Mr Howard.

"Coster!" said Arthur.—"Güttenberg!" said George,—and Edith hung down her head, and said she did not know.

"It is a disputed point," said Mr Howard, "and will continue so. Perhaps there was a succession of improvements; for it often happens that the original idea is older than is supposed. Invention has been as useful to mankind in the happy and novel application

of what is already known, as in the first discovery of facts unknown before.

"Now, as we were talking of flowers—what numberless and beautiful species are familiar to us, of which ancient Greece and Rome knew nothing! In those days, years followed years without the introduction of a novelty; but now, hundreds and hundreds of new plants are added, every generation, to those known before. Every country that is discovered has its botanical characteristics; and men of science are, happily, now so widely spread, that the whole field of nature is investigated, and its separate beauties imported into our own country.

"Flowers have been the groundwork of many an allegory; and very naturally so. They are so various in form, and size, and colour;—they are so universally objects of attention;—they are so lovely and so trans-

itory;—they afford such images to the poet —such lessons to the moralist;—they are so associated with day-light and sunshine—spring and summer—with nature, whether rude or cultivated—with fields and gardens—with childhood and domestic thoughts,—that few minds, however high and noble, have neglected them even as sources of enjoyment. Bacon loved flowers — Bentham cultivated flowers — and Christ himself often made them the subject of touching parables and eloquent lessons of truth.

"I one day fancied," continued Mr Howard, "that a Camellia and a Wild Honeysuckle held discourse together.

"The camellia was proud of its wax-like coronal—proud of all the attention that was paid to it by the gardener—proud of the admiration it excited and the place it occupied. The wild honeysuckle grew unnoticed in the

garden hedge, unnoticed by the passengers, though it gave sweetness to the breezes as they glided by.

"The camellia was a vain flower and its vanity was wounded, as it remarked that, though the gardener and the garden visitors often gave it their word of praise, it had no constant and ever-present admirers as the honeysuckle had—the unobtrusive honeysuckle that blossomed on the garden's hedge.

"Now and then, indeed, a bee or a butterfly hovered for a moment over the camellia, but scarcely had it heard the bee's song, or begun to admire the butterfly's beautiful pinions, ere they fled, and the camellia saw, in jealous spite, that they lingered near the honeysuckle —that bees and butterflies drank in its sweet breath, and fanned the fragrant flower with their restless wings.

"In vain the camellia tried all the arts of

coquetry. Not even a blue-bottle would exhibit any marks of attachment. Blue-bottles came indeed with their buzz and their boldness, but if they lighted for an instant on the leaves of the camellia, off they immediately started, trumpeting their regardless song, which the camellia was too fond of interpreting into an impudent insult, when, in truth, it was nothing but the humming of light-hearted indifference.

"At last, the camellia broke out upon the honeysuckle in these words. 'Wild and ill-bred creature! who planted thee there? Why intrude into my master's presence? Why, weed of the field as thou art, art thou clambering into the garden ground?'

"'I meant no intrusion,' answered the honeysuckle, meekly: 'where we were planted we each of us grow: I too have my master; and I experience his care. I know

my humble destiny too well to force my way, unbecomingly, into the presence of my betters.'

"'Modesty, indeed!' said the camellia. 'A pretty sort of humility thine!—dallying all day with every winged creature thou canst stop, and occupied in nought but listening to the idle songs of flies, and wasps, and robber-bees, or in kissing gaudy and do-nothing butterflies!'

"'I have not stirred,' replied the Honeysuckle, 'but as the winds have moved me; and no visitor have I courted, I hope, by levity or misconduct.'

"'Who art thou, again I ask?' shouted the camellia,—'who art thou that sittest there overlooking the abode of superior flowers?'

"'I,' the honeysuckle quietly said, 'am, I well know, but a wild, though not what you called me—an ill-bred flower. I was

born, like you, from the bosom of earth. I have been fed, like you, with water and with dews. I have been taught to flower, as you have, by the rays of the sun; and, like you, I shall fade ere long, and wait the renovation of another spring. We have both of us been helped by nature. More robust than you, I required no other care; while you have had the privilege of being attended by the watchfulness of man. I never seduced away from you either bee or butterfly. You have your admirers, and lowlier and less aspiring flowers may have theirs.'

"But it was in vain the honeysuckle sought to reason. Defeated pride soon becomes active hate. The camellia complained of the honeysuckle to the gardener. He snapped off the flowers as they were growing on the hedge—just raised them to his nose

to enjoy their sweet scent, and threw them carelessly upon the ground.

"Did the camellia get any recompense for its selfishness and spite? None at all. It heard less of the music of bees—saw less of the beauty of butterflies: for while the honeysuckle was blowing, they often passed near the camellia; but now, the honeysuckle being removed, they came no more.

"The fragrance was gone, and the melody, and the bright colours that shone in the sun.

"Another spring came round. Modestly as ever the honeysuckle peeped forth. No camellia was there. It had been nipped by the frost. Its place was occupied by an Azalea—a sweet-smelling azalea.

"'Will there be any jealousy now—any ill-nature—for the azalea will win admirers,

with its perfumed petals and golden garb—and I shall be left at peace.'

"So it turned out. The azalea bloomed—was an object of admiration and felt and expressed no annoyance at the neighbourhood of the honeysuckle. On the contrary, a sort of communication was established between them, and they lived and blossomed on the same spot for many a long year, without a thought of unkindness.

"And, why, my children! should discontent and jealousy imbitter our existence? We have all so much to enjoy—so much to enjoy in the very enjoyments of others! If the breath of the azalea is sweet, so is that of the honeysuckle. If we have pleasures of our own, others have pleasures too—pleasures which we may blend with those that belong to ourselves, and thus increase our portion far beyond the amount which

any solitary pleasures could give. Benevolence does not beggar, but enrich; and the more we confer of kindness, the more we shall retain of happiness."

# FILIAL AFFECTION.

"THE more closely the world is looked into," said Mrs Howard one day to her children, "the more strange things will be found in it, —in all and every part of it. A gentleman who has lately been in Britany, told your papa a few days ago, that one of the principal means which the Breton peasant girls have for obtaining ornaments is the sale of their long hair, which is regularly collected by a numerous class of hair-cutters, their harvest time being in the months of April and May. In France altogether about 250,000lbs. weight of human hair is annually sold, at a price of about eight shillings per lb. In Paris alone there are 6,300

persons employed, who receive in wages nearly 200,000*l.* sterling, at the end of the year, and it is said that, on an average, the hair is increased by human labour four or five times in value.

"The gentleman narrated to your papa a little history which had lately occurred in Britany, and which I will repeat to you, for it is pleasant to speak of the patience and virtues of the poor. It is useful, too, for it teaches us to think of them, and to act towards them with kindness. It raises them in our estimation. Our pride refuses not to regard them as our brethren when they distinguish themselves by honourable actions. In honouring them we honour the race to which we ourselves belong.

"In the outskirts of the town of Vannes, which the Bretons call Quenelt, and is the capital of the department of Morbihan, (a

Breton word, meaning 'the small sea') lived a family of a father, mother, and two daughters, Katell and Oana.

"The Bretons preserve a strong provincial, or what may be more properly called a national spirit. They do not treat their French neighbours as if they were the same people, but call them Gauls, and their language Gallic, while they denominate themselves Bretons. They never speak of France but as of a foreign country, and with their peculiar language they have preserved many peculiarities of their forefathers. In many districts, their costume has undergone no change for hundreds of years, and there is the greatest unwillingness to introduce novelties, however useful or convenient.

"The family I have spoken of was, like too many of the race, trained in all the prejudices of the country, looking with suspicion

on everything that was new or foreign, and desirous of resisting all improvements that came from strangers.

"The father of the family was a small farmer. He gained a bare subsistence by the cultivation of a little tract of land that *his* father had bought during the revolution. But agricultural improvements had been introduced, especially in the neighbourhood of the towns of Brittany. New instruments had found their way, new produce was cultivated, the whole face of the country was bettered, the value of land rose, but our farmer's affairs became more and more involved, in consequence of the general improvement. Others could turn their lands to better account than he, and though the prices of corn and cattle fell, they could reap profit, while Jann, for that was the farmer's name, found himself unable to pay the charges of his family; but he

persisted in shutting his eyes to the real cause.

"He first began to borrow money at a heavy interest, giving a portion of his farm as a security. But this only made matters worse, and he was forced to borrow more in order to pay the additional charge. He sank deeper and deeper in embarrassment. His wife and children had remarked a change in his manner. He had become silent and stern. The Sunday dress, which the Bretons preserve for generation after generation, had been used for daily service. On several occasions, when he had been asked for some small sum of money, to buy garments for the girls, he answered gloomily, 'Not now.' In the simple usages of Brittany, a farmer's house generally provides what is wanting for the daily food of the family: coarse bread and cider, potatoes, salt, and now and then a little dried fish, laid in when the markets are well stocked. 'I

wish,' said his wife to Jann one day, 'I wish, from my heart's centre, (*a greiz va c'haloun* —a very common expression in Brittany,) you would tell me if things are going on as usual. This morning, a man came and looked in at the door of the farm, and walked about as if he had a right to know more of our circumstances than a stranger should inquire into. What does it mean? Is anything wrong?' 'Silence,' said Jann, 'and trouble me not!' Nor could another word be forced from him. He hung down his head, and left the room.

"If his wife had been anxious before, how much more anxious was she now! On his return, she intreated him to tell her what had happened, but in vain. He looked about him, sat down in silence, and when his two daughters spoke he made signs that they should leave him. In fact he was ruined. He had re-

ceived notice that he must surrender his farm, and he was penniless in the world.

"At this time one of the girls was thirteen and the other fifteen years old. Their mother had not spoken to them of the anxieties that troubled her. She was afraid that their first proposal would be to leave her and seek their fortunes in the world, and she could not bear to think of being abandoned, or that her girls should be exposed to what she had heard (for from her own experience she knew little or nothing) of the temptations and the corruptions of large towns. Nor, as I said, was she quite aware of the real state of things—nor of the extent of her husband's embarrassments, and the inevitable distress to which they were to be subjected.

"But she told her daughters that she was sure some misfortune had happened to their father—that a storm was gathering somewhere.

'We must be prepared for affliction,' said she; 'and it will come but too soon.'

"The next day, Katell and Oana went out together that they might talk over what they had heard. 'Oana,' said Katell, 'have you not seen how unhappy our mother is, and how changed our father?'

"'That indeed have I,' answered Oana; 'and of this I wanted to talk to you. When I see our father and mother looking at one another (*tâl ouc'h tâl*—or forehead to forehead is the Breton expression)—there is so much sadness in one, and so much mystery in the other, that I think we ought to be doing something.'

"'But what can we do?—what service can we render?—where can we get work?—how can we find money? Do you know of anything that we can do?'

"'We can do little, Katell; but perhaps

we can do something. I have thought that, if matters reached their extremity, we had one little resource.'

"'What is it, Oana? Is it yours, or mine, or could we both of us unite?'

"'Yes, both of us; and you even more than I, for that beautiful hair of yours is more valuable than——'

"'Nay, Oana—my locks I cannot'——but here the poor girl blushed. She was indeed proud, as she might be, of her fine flaxen hair, and her pride resisted for a moment—but it was for a moment only. "Anything, anything, Oana; and whenever the time is come, we will go together to Vannes, and my hair shall be disposed of without a murmur; nay, more, with a cheerful, willing heart, pleased that I have something to offer in the day of tribulation.'

"The girls returned home together, happier

than they had been for many a day; for if any frame of mind be happy it is that in which, after a struggle, a known sacrifice has been willingly made to virtue.

"Matters grew worse and worse. At last Jann could conceal from nobody the coming evil. He said to his wife and children—'We are ruined! We are houseless—we are penniless—we are worse than penniless. Our farm we must leave; and that is not all. I owe debts that I cannot pay. I have seen the little stock of food consumed: I dared not say I could not replenish our store: it is almost exhausted. The order for our ejectment is arrived. I know not whither to go. Poverty is come upon us "like one that travelleth, and want as an armed man!"'

"There are no poor laws in France. There is no provision for sudden privation. Jann's spirit was so humbled and broken, that he

would willingly, for his family's sake, have submitted to the shame of asking for some short supply of food and raiment—so utter and so hopeless was their destitution. But such resource there was none. 'And to-morrow,' said he, 'we must go forth miserable beggars in an inhospitable world!'

"Katell whispered to her sister, 'The time is come!' She left the house, and was followed by Oana. They walked together to the town of Vannes.

"It was in the month of May—to young hearts the sweetest month of the year. They saw many flowers on the banks, but they gathered them not. They heard many songs of many birds, but they noticed them not. They scarcely opened their lips to one another, though in that moment they felt, each of them, a stronger affection to the other than they had ever felt before. But as they

entered the town, Oana inquired of her sister where they were to go.

"Katell looked at Oana, whose soft and wavy hair fell in circling ringlets over her shoulders, and there was another instant of doubt and hesitation.

"The struggle was soon over. She took Oana's hand, and led her through the gates of the city to a narrow street, where one of the itinerant purchasers of human hair had taken up his usual temporary abode during the season in which the girls of Brittany are used to bargain for their long tresses.

"Katell was the spokeswoman: and long was the discussion between her and the hair merchant. At last he agreed to give seven francs for Oana's, and five for Katell's hair. He cut it off,—and while the operation was performing, some tears—natural tears—dropped from the sisters' eyes.

"Shorn of their beauty, they spent one franc of the twelve to buy themselves caps, to hide their changed appearance. They turned homewards with feelings in which the approving voice of duty silenced many thoughts of distress. Their absence had caused their father and mother much disquietude; but they no sooner entered, than their mother—for mothers are always quick in discerning all the movements of children's minds—perceived what the girls had done, and broke out into exclamations of sorrow.

"'Oh no, mother!' said Oana; 'if you only knew the pleasure we have felt in doing something for ourselves and for you in a moment like this!'

"And Katell placed the eleven francs on the table. Eleven francs in their then condition were no small treasure. 'And now let us depart, for there is nothing but affliction left

to us here.' In fact the officers of justice were then in possession of the place, and Jann well knew that all it contained would be insufficient to satisfy the warrants against him.

"They were allowed to take with them their scanty wardrobe. It scarcely sufficed for a change. The worn-out garments had not been renewed. Even in better times their supply had been but scant, and now it bespoke the dreariness of poverty.

"They reached Quimper; and it was at a fortunate moment, when agricultural labourers were required for carrying on some large experiments that were making in the department of Finisterre, and Jann and his family found no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. In new scenes old sufferings were more easily forgotten; and necessity forced upon Jann much knowledge, which,

of his own accord, he would never have acquired. He spent four or five years in the department of the Finisterre. He learnt the value of those improvements which he had before despised, and he summoned up courage enough to apply to the owner of his farm in the Morbihan, to be allowed to become a tenant. This request was granted, and in the strange vicissitudes of life, Jann is again become the possessor of the property he had lost. Both Katell and Oana married prosperous men, who united to raise for Jann a sum of money sufficient for him to redeem his farm. He turned it to the best account —he cultivated it with superior implements and he has been able, not only to repay the sums lent him by his sons-in-law, but he is laying by enough to provide comforts for the old age of himself and his wife. He often says, that he should have sunk in despair

but for the timely succour which his daughters brought him, in the moment of his severest distress, by the sale of their hair. And often as he strokes the head of his grandchildren, of whom there are six or seven, he has been observed to wipe the falling tears from his cheeks, and has been heard to say, 'God bless thee and thy beautiful locks!'"

# SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

"As the looking for happiness," said Mr Howard one day, "is the best of employments, and the finding it the best of good fortune, I am always delighted, my children! when any new occasion offers for discovering enjoyment. But very much depends on our own willingness to be pleased, and on our own susceptibility to pleasure. Some minds have a tendency to habitual gloom. In a flower they see nothing but the thorn —in the bee nothing but its sting—in the sky, but the thunder-storm—in the world, but its sorrows. Others, more happily trained, find that—

'In nature there is *nothing* melancholy.'

"It is strange, that artists have been so much occupied with the representation of misery—so little with that of joy! The other day, going to the famous museum of pictures at Antwerp, I observed that there was scarcely a face which did not express pain, annoyance, suffering, disgust. I heard one person say—'I would rather visit a butchery! for the painters, illustrious as they were and are, seem to be thinking of nothing but human calamity, cruel inflictions, frightful martyrdoms—all the horrible and miserable exhibitions of violent death!' I confess I shared in the universal sentiment. The representations were so vivid as to be nearly approaching to reality, and to leave an impression not far different from what would have been excited by the scenes themselves; and weariness soon came over me.

"Among sources of pleasure, the songs of

the people are prominent. Well do I remember being roused from gloomy thoughts by my muleteer, when skirting the Pyrenean mountains. There was an outbreak of spontaneous music, to which he had adapted extempore verses. It was during the Peninsular war, and we were travelling in some of those narrow defiles where sudden night sometimes overtakes one, and the sunset is followed, almost without twilight, by gloomy darkness. And this was his song:—

'My horse is tired and so am I—
How wearily we go!
I wish the *venta** now were nigh—
The sun is sinking low.
And through the box-wood tree I peep,
The *venta* to discover:
I fain would rest, I fain would sleep:
The day is almost over.
I know the *venta* from afar:
A chestnut tree stands by it:
The *venta* has an *evening star;*
And soon I shall espy it.'

* *Venta*, a small inn.

"Often have I heard the peasants of Spain sing songs like this, composed on the spur of the moment, and hummed to a monotonous but characteristic tune.

"In all times, poetry has had great influence with the people, and pleasant would be the task to gather out of history examples of what a German poet* calls the power—the might of song. There is a pretty tale told by Jusuf ben Harûn el Arramedi, one of the Arabic poets of Spain, in the following words;—'I went forth after our holy festival; and crossed the Cordova stream. I sought the beautiful gardens of Beni Mernan, and there I saw the loveliest of women—the loveliest of women, a slave. Nothing so fair, nothing so graceful had I ever seen before. I bowed myself down before her, and she answered me with inconceivable

* Schiller.—Die Macht des Gesanges.

courtesy and readiness. Her voice was all sweetness; it fell on my ears like music —it penetrated my very soul. Her person, tone, and language, wholly subdued me. "In the name of Allah, fair creature," said I to her, "art thou a sister or a mother?" "A mother, if it please you," she graciously answered. "But tell me then, I pray, the name thou bearest." "Halewa," she replied. "And," rejoined I, "may the fates bless thee that gave thee so dulcet a name!"' And the poet goes on in this style to the detail of all he suffered for the beautiful slave—what a long and perilous journey he undertook to borrow the money for her ransom; that having effected it, he found she had long before been pledged to another; how the king was appealed to, who became enamoured in his turn, and then bribed the great orator of the day to detain, by his eloquence, the

husband of the beautiful slave, in order that he (the king) might pay his court to Halewa; while the poet, for his portion, was condemned to chains; and left to tell his miseries to the walls of a prison. Such stories have been preserved through many generations. I have heard them in many lands; living through all vicissitudes. I have seen children, youths, and grown up people listening, with eager, beating hearts, and eyes intensely bright, to the narrator: for man is everywhere the same; interested in man's history; alive to man's suffering; and sympathising in man's pleasures.

"Whenever I travel, it is one of my habitual and favourite occupations to ascertain what is the poetry of the people: and what their proverbs, which are often condensed poetry. There is poetry and beautiful poetry everywhere. I remember once, when in the

woods of Finland, I heard a song, many centuries old, which described what song could do. Do you recollect, George, what is narrated by the classic poets of Orpheus?

"Ay, Papa! that he stopped, by his music, the swiftest rivers; made the mountains dance; and tamed the wild beasts of the forest: that he forced his way into the regions of Pluto; charmed the very furies; and soothed the agonies of those who were suffering torture there."

"And I have read, too," added Arthur, "that the people of Thrace claimed the honor of possessing his tomb on Mount Libethrus, around which, they said, nightingales built their nests, and thus became the most melodious of birds."

"The song I heard from the Finlanders reminded me of the classical fable; for it told of the powers of the harp whose strings

were made of the tail of the wild horse, and its body from the oldest oak tree of the woods. And it is said, that when played on by a mighty hand, the birds gathered round the musician; the beasts crouched before him; the fishes looked out of the ocean, and all the auditory wept."

"Why," said Edith, "that is something like the story of the eloquence of the Catholic saint, of whom we saw a picture, in which he was preaching to all the beasts on the earth, all the birds in the air, and all the fishes in the sea; and they were listening with unanimous attention."

"Yes," said Mr Howard, "the same sort of exaggeration prevails everywhere, and the farther we go back, the more startling and incredible it is.

"The poetry of the people is one of the most delightful resources and comforts of na-

tions that have been subjugated by strangers. In it they often give expression to thoughts, which would otherwise find no vent.

"You may have heard of Rhigas, who wrote the national hymn of the Greeks, and who was so cruelly put to death by the Turks, when he was returning homewards from a journey into Austria. A friend of mine, M. Fauriel, mentions* an instance of the influence of Rhigas's poetry on his countrymen. 'A traveller in Macedonia was struck with the intelligent expression of countenance of a baker's boy. His person was a model of grace and beauty. He looked the traveller in the face, and said "Can you read?" Being answered in the affirmative, he seized the traveller by the arm, and led him into the country, where having discovered an enclosed spot, the young man desired his companion

* *Chants Populaires de la Gréce Moderne*, ii. 18, 19.

to sit down on a rock, and took from his bosom a volume attached to a riband, which he wore round his neck. The volume was a collection of Rhigas's songs—"Now read; now read me this!" said the young Greek. He began, and the traveller perceived that the young Greek's eyes were inflamed—his bosom was violently agitated—his lips trembled—his right hand was lifted up, and tears rolled fast down his cheeks. "Did you never hear it before?" inquired the traveller. "Oh yes! very often," was the answer. "I stop every traveller, and endeavour to persuade them to read me something or other from the book."

OCT 22 1918